

THE STORY OF
A BRAVE CHILD



A CHILD'S LIFE OF
JOAN OF ARC

T. NELSON
& SONS

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

20.F.



With deep & earnest gratitude
from Annie Matheson

to

Francis M. Wyndham.

April 1st, 1901.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Brigham Young University

<http://www.archive.org/details/storyofbravechil00math>





JOAN AT THE CORONATION OF
CHARLES VII. *After Sir John Gilbert, R.A.*

DC
193
M37

By ANNIE MATHESON

The Story of a Brave Child

A Child's Life of
Joan of Arc



THOMAS NELSON
AND SONS



LONDON, EDINBURGH
DUBLIN, AND
NEW YORK

**HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH**

P R E F A C E.

*To those older people who give this book to the
children for whom it was written.*

IN the writing of this little sketch, I have been indebted to many authors and to many books, including the English versions of the original documents collected and translated by Father Wyndham and Mr. T. Douglas Murray, and the invaluable quotations given by Mr. Andrew Lang from sources not easily accessible to the general reader. To none has my obligation been quite so great as to the last named, by whom, through my friend and publisher, Mr. Buchan, I have been permitted here and there to take over whole paragraphs in succession which, in their noble simplicity, suited perfectly the minds of children. These have usually embodied either translations of Joan's recorded words, or authentic descriptions of her, or accounts

of armour and military incidents, such as my own unaided knowledge might not compass without fear of blunder. I have tried, wherever it was possible, to indicate my debt by inverted commas ; but occasionally the quotation has been too closely intertwined for that with modifications of my own.

Elimination is always a tiresome process, and so great was the mass of material heaped up by various hands, that in aiming at careful accuracy and lifelike truth, much time and work were spent over preparing my little book ; but without such help as I have recorded, it must either have been much more meagre or infinitely more laborious, for my congenial task has been obviously lightened by the toil of my learned and scholarly predecessors.

I will only add one word regarding the lines of verse with which the life closes. I wrote them expressly for the children who read "The Story of a Brave Child," because I shrank equally from their thinking of the earth as outside the kingdom of Heaven, or

supposing the heavenly rest to be disembodied passiveness. If it be complained that the lines are beyond their intelligence, I reply that I hope they may stir the imagination of some who in after years will more fully understand them ; and I think that in the subconscious mind of most they will prevent any dangerous misunderstanding of the sense in which I have used the word “rest.”

A. M.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

<i>Joan at the Coronation of Charles VII. (After Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>The Vision of Joan of Arc. (After Lenepveu)</i>	24
<i>Joan of Arc. (After Bastien-Lepage)</i>	32
<i>Joan of Arc. (After Ingres)</i>	56
<i>Joan's Triumphal Entry into Orleans. (After Scherrer)</i>	80
<i>The Welcome given to Joan by the Citizens of Orleans. (After Lenepveu)</i>	88
<i>The Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. (After Lenepveu)</i>	120
<i>Joan taken Prisoner at Compiegne. (After Lenepveu)</i>	128
<i>Joan in Prison. (After the Picture by G. F. Joy)</i> .	136

THE STORY OF A BRAVE CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

YOU have read that long ago the Wise Men out of the East brought gold and frankincense and myrrh as an offering to the King of kings. You have seen pictures of the star that travelled through the sky—the star by which they were guided—until it stood over the manger where the young Child lay, watched over by His mother; and you know that that mother, the Jewish peasant girl, named by the mother of S. John the Baptist “blessed among women,” was pure and tender as a flower. She could hear the voice of Gabriel, and “the Spirit of God was upon her,” so that Joseph the carpenter, who loved and guarded her, did not fear to take her to his heart. It is often through very lowly

people that God helps and saves the world, and it was on "Twelfth Night," the day when we keep the festival in honour of the Wise Men and of the Light that was to shine forth through Mary's Son to all the nations of the world, that on January 6, 1412, nearly five hundred years ago, in one of the small cottages of a hamlet in Lorraine, a little girl was born, who was chosen by God to save her beautiful country of France, and teach people through all time how noble and heroic a simple maid may be.

It was in this hamlet, named Domremy, where she was born that Twelfth Night morning in the fresh, sweet air of the country, that the little girl grew up. She was the daughter of Jacques d'Arc, and was named Jeanne d'Arc, but we usually call her by an English translation of her name and speak of her as Joan of Arc.

Domremy was one of those pretty villages through which a little river winds its way, sparkling and singing as it goes. Just outside the village there was a beautiful beech tree near to a flowing spring, where the sick

people used sometimes to take of the waters to heal their fever. Sometimes the tree was called the Ladies' Tree, sometimes the Fairies' Tree. It was told in the village that long, long ago two people who loved one another dearly used to sit under its branches and enjoy one another's companionship for many a sunshiny hour ; and that made the tree sacred. It belonged now to the lord of the manor, Sieur de Bourlemont, and was rightly named L'Arbre de Bourlemont ; but every one felt that it belonged most of all to the children and the "good people."

There is a story that when any of the children of Domremy were far away in distant countries they used to dream of that tree, and if they were about to pass through the gates of pearl into a country more beautiful than any on earth, then they always saw a vision of the tree. Joan said afterwards, when she was questioned about it : "It is a beautiful tree, a beech, from which comes the *beau may*. It belongs to the Seigneur Pierre de Bourlemont, Knight. I have sometimes been to play with the young girls, to make garlands

for Our Lady of Domremy. Often I have heard the old folk—they are not of my lineage—say that the fairies haunt this tree. I have also heard one of my godmothers, named Jeanne, wife of the Maire Aubrey of Domremy, say that she has seen fairies there: whether it be true, I do not know. As for me, I never saw them, that I know of. If I saw them anywhere else, I do not know. I have seen the young girls putting garlands on the branches of this tree, and I myself have sometimes put them there with my companions. Sometimes we took these garlands away, sometimes we left them."

Above the village there is an oak wood, and it was remembered that Merlin had foretold the coming of a maiden out of an oak wood in Lorraine. It was said also that France, which had been lost by a woman—that is to say, by the wicked queen of that day—should be saved by a maid.

I wish I could describe to you how the children of that village of Domremy are said to have loved the fairies, for whom, we are told, they used to hang garlands on the beech

tree. Among Joan's many godmothers there was one named Dame Aubrey, who, you will remember, told them she had seen the fairies dance under the tree ; but that was the last vision any one had of them there.

And I must tell you frankly that, for my part, I think that in Joan's day it is not at all certain that any one saw the fairies with their mortal eyes.

But of the beautiful visions of angels and saints that came to Joan when she grew up into girlhood, we have very good proof indeed ; for they spoke to her words which enabled her to do in twelve short months what no one else, either man or woman, was able to do, and Joan was ready to die a painful death rather than deny the truth of those wonderful Voices of S. Michael and S. Margaret and the rest.

We are, however, getting on much too fast, and must go back to Joan's earliest days.

She was hardy and strong, and very modest and obedient. She spent much of her time in spinning and sewing, and in helping her

mother. And she was very fond of all the animals, and used to take them across to a little island where stood the castle, a fortress round which flowed two arms of the river ; for she wanted the poor beasts to be out of the way of the soldiers at a time when all the countryside was disturbed by the war between France and England, in which the Dukes of Burgundy and Bedford were taking part.

You have heard of the victory of Agincourt, won by our own Harry Madcap, King Henry the Fifth, in 1415. Perhaps you have read Shakespeare's play, and know that the victory was followed by Henry's marriage with Catherine of France. England rejoiced over both events, but for France they were both terrible. That is one of the awful things about war, that whenever one country is rejoicing over a splendid victory another country is mourning over a terrible defeat.

It may be that when we all have more of the spirit of Joan of Arc, and are more ready to learn all that will enable us to defend our own home and country instead of hiring soldiers to do it, there will be less of the

wrong kind of war that is only vanity and selfishness ; though I hope we shall never flinch from the right kind when we have to protect those who trust in us, and strike down cruel injustice that the poor and the helpless may be saved.

Joan was only two or three years old when the battle of Agincourt was fought. Lorraine, where she lived, was just on the edge of the French kingdom, and very loyal to the French king. But there was much of simple happiness in the little village of Domremy even in those troubled times. Once a year there was a custom very much like what our own Derbyshire people call “the dressing of the wells ;” and then the young girls of the village used to go to the Fairies’ Tree, and to the Well of the Thorn, as the bubbling spring was named—taking their food with them, to spend a long day in the open—and used to adorn these woodland places with wreaths and garlands, and hold an innocent festival.

From the time she was quite a tiny thing, Joan seems to have been very much loved, for she was as gentle as she was brave, and

always eager to serve and help others. I have read the records which the lawyers wrote down of what her old companions told about her, solemnly swearing its truth, and they all say how good and kind she was.

One of them tells that when she was quite little, and they were all playing together, she used sometimes to go away by herself and be quiet, and when they asked what she was doing, she said she was "talking to God." Her old playmate says that they laughed at her for that. But He who had said, through the lips of His dear Son, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me," was teaching little Joan, until the love in her heart so overflowed to all living things that even the beasts and the birds were the better for it. And as for the grown-up people, there are two very touching traditions to show us the kind of child that she was, though I have not found them in the history books. It is told how a poor man came to her father's door one winter night, when little Joan sat surrounded by her pets—dogs and kittens about her knees, and a little squirrel cracking a nut

upon her shoulder ; while friends and neighbours were talking and laughing over their evening meal, and she herself was taking her supper—or, at least, as much of it as the animals would spare her. The man who came was starving, and when her father was going to turn him away, thinking he was just an idle tramp, Joan got up shyly—she was so shy and quiet that her playfellows used to name her “the Bashful,” as well as “the Brave”—and very gently put her own bowl of porridge into his hand. At first her father was very angry, but afterwards it turned out that the beggar was a good and brave man, an old soldier who had fought nobly for his country ; so Joan was forgiven by her father, and they all had a very exciting evening, talking over the sorrows and battles of France, and the stranger sang to them the great Song of Roland, which we too must read, for it is one of the undying poems of the world.

The other story I like best of all. It tells of a poor mad creature, who had been kept shut up in a cage ; for in those days people

did not understand that madness may be just a kind of illness, and that very tender care should be taken of those who suffer from this most terrible of all afflictions. The story tells how this poor fellow broke loose, and frightened all the children except Joan ; for he had an axe in his hand, and might have killed them without knowing what he was doing. But Joan conquered the fear in her heart. She had often been to talk to the poor madman in his cage, and had dressed his hand for him when two fingers had been cut off for a reminder not to hurt people. And, besides, she thought more of the safety of the whole village than of her own safety ; so she talked gently and bravely to the man, until he let her carry the axe, and then she walked quietly hand in hand with him into the village and gave him up to those who could take care of him and prevent him from doing harm. That is what the story says, and whether it is true or not, it certainly does sound just like Joan.*

* I wish to make special acknowledgments to Mr. Clemens for these two stories.

The King of France himself was at this time out of his mind, and it soon came to the knowledge of his people that his wife was betraying the kingdom to his enemies, so that it was in danger of passing away from the heir to the throne, the young Dauphin, to whom Joan and her neighbours were all loyal. So you see there was sorrow in the country, of which even the boys and girls gradually came to know; and Joan, who loved everybody, and loved God most of all, had a good deal to think about. But, then, is there any child who has *not*?

CHAPTER II.

IT is said of the people of Domremy, where Joan lived, that they “seldom die, never lie.” Certainly it was clear to all Joan’s friends that she was true in word and in deed. It was not only her death that proved that, though she gave herself to be burned at the stake rather than be guilty of falsehood ; it was proved also by all the years of her short but splendid life.

Do you know what that word “splendid” really means? We use our words so carelessly that we often forget. A splendid thing is a shining, a brilliant thing. And Joan’s life shone from beginning to end with an ever purer, deeper reflection of the heavenly glory. If for one moment towards the last her light wavered and fell, it did but leap out again with a more dazzling splendour for that instant of eclipse, when the dark shadow of fear and perplexity had for just one second

passed across it ; an instant that makes every brave human heart love this noble girl the more ardently, because it brings home to us the fact that, though so courageous and self-forgetting—a fit comrade for the angels—she was but a simple girl who could suffer and waver and lose her footing like other girls directly she lost for a second that divine faith which set her among the strongest and greatest of all time.

She was true to her country and her God—true always to those who trusted in her, even to the poor, weak, young Dauphin who failed her so miserably. Indeed to him—perhaps because she had helped to make him king—she had always a special tenderness and loyalty. For he was the man to whom the messenger of God sent her with a secret very precious to him, that in the strength of it she might cheer him on to rise and do God's bidding for the beautiful kingdom of France that she loved and saved.

In her first years she seems to have been a gay, winsome little thing, singing and dancing when she was not praying—"talking to

God," as she called it—or sweeping and sewing and helping her mother about the house, and yet finding time to be kind to the animals about the place, and make friends with the birds, and do kind things for the sick people. She seemed just like other children, except that she was more unselfish and tender-hearted and good.

Then, when she was thirteen years old, a surprising thing happened. Yet, after all, we ought not to be surprised at it in the least, when we remember how the God who had answered Hannah when she prayed to Him spoke afterwards to her little son in the temple, when he was waiting on the old priest there ; and how the angel of the Lord suddenly appeared once to a man who was threshing corn ; and how the angel broke S. Peter's chains in the prison ; and how Christ Himself suddenly appeared to Saul in the road to Damascus ; not to speak of all the wonderful things that happened in the life of our Lord Himself.

Then there was Socrates too, that wise Greek teacher, who often heard a Voice warn-

ing him of the things it would not be well for him to do or to say.

I dare say children often hear and see more wonderful things than grown-up people would ever believe; but although the Voices that taught Joan so much began to speak to her while she was still a child, they did not end with her childhood.

And now, no doubt, you are wondering what *was* this "surprise" that happened, about which I have made so much talk. To Joan herself, at all events, it was a very great surprise indeed.

Well, I will tell you what it was.

When she was a little girl of thirteen she had one day been running races with the other children, and had run so well and so lightly that they declared her feet did not seem to touch the ground at all—she just seemed to fly. The prize for the best runner was to be a bunch of flowers. Perhaps they were to be garden flowers—lilies and roses and pansies and clove-pinks, not the sweet wild things that grew in the meadow where the children were playing at the time—but

of that I know not ; what I do know is that all at once, when the race was over, and Joan was resting and recovering herself at the farther end of the meadow, yet hardly certain whether she was in the body or out of the body, which happens to us now and again in moments of great excitement, she thought that there stood beside her a lad : she did not guess at that moment that he might be a messenger from the heavenly country, for I suppose he looked much like the other young shepherds who sometimes crossed her path when she was tending her own sheep.

“Joan,” he said, “go home, for your mother says she needs you.”

Joan, always helpful to her mother, left her play and hurried home immediately ; for it was not the weather for wolves, and there do not seem to have been any soldiers about, so that she had no fears for her flock.

I wonder what would have happened if she had been a less dutiful little daughter, and whether, if she had not obeyed, the angel visitor who was to meet her in her



THE VISION OF
JOAN OF ARC.
After Lenepveu.



father's garden-close, finding she did not care to leave her playmates for her mother, would then have passed on sadly to some one else, and given his great commission to some other maiden, or to some man, instead.

But for the moment, as sometimes happens to all of us, her right-doing seemed only to lead her into unexpected pain ; for her mother, who had not sent for her at all, only gave her a good scolding for running home and leaving her sheep all alone.

She was just thinking that a trick had been played upon her, and that she would go back to her companions, the other little shepherdesses, when a bright cloud floated across her eyes, and out of the cloud came a Voice telling her "that she must change her course of life, and do marvellous deeds, for the King of Heaven had chosen her to aid the King of France. She must wear man's dress, take up arms, be a captain in the war, and all would be ordered by her advice."

Three times the Voice came, and the

third time she knew it for the voice of an angel of God.

Long afterwards, at her trial, when her very life hung in the balance, she was questioned very closely about it. Her father's garden-close lay between the cottage that was her home and the village church, where she loved to pray, and when the Voice came to her in the garden it seemed that, standing there between her home and her church, a bright light shone, on her right hand, towards the church, while the Voice was speaking.

It was in the bright noonday that the message came to her first, and for a while she could not believe it to be true—it was so very, very astonishing. But it kept on being repeated to her by day and by night until she no longer had any doubt at all. She told no one about it, but pondered and pondered, and at last began to see what step she must first take.

But even when she was quite sure that the message came from God, she saw great difficulties in the way. Yes, even at the

end of four years, patient, holy years of preparation for her heavy task—preparation through loving home cares and tenderness to the sick and poor, and such devoutness as made the young men laugh at her—she still said, “I am a poor girl, who cannot ride or be a leader of war.”

Perhaps you say that spinning and sewing and nursing and praying would seem a very strange way of preparing to save her country by leading armies into the field and advising the great men who were at the head of the nation. But it turned out otherwise ; for she who proved herself faithful and womanly in the little duties close to her hand, proved faithful and skilful also, when the right time came, in that which was great and difficult. Her gentle and pious home-life kept her “unspotted from the world ;” and when she had to live afterwards with rough, coarse, vain people, she was so pure of heart, so beautiful in body and soul, that the Duke of Alençon, one of her companions in arms and a mighty soldier, has told us how low thoughts and feelings did not come into her presence. It

is true that when the days of her cruel martyrdom came she was insulted and rudely handled ; but even then her virtue and her trust in God, her courage and her prayers, defended her like a shield from any debasing hurt to body or soul.

CHAPTER III.

JOAN had a little friend called Hauviette, who loved her very much, and whom she loved, and they grew up as girls together. Together they made their garlands from the beautiful may, “when the thorn was white with blossom;” together they rambled about the woods and fields; and when the day came for Joan to leave her home and go forth on God’s errand, Hauviette wept sorely. “She loved her so much for her goodness;” and, indeed, we read of Joan that “she was such that, in a way of speaking, all the people of Domremy were fond of her.” They used to say that the very wolves never harmed the sheep while she watched over them, and we hear that the birds used to come and feed from her lap. She liked to hear the bells of the church rung punctually, and used to please herself by giving the

bell-ringer little presents to keep him up to his duty. Giving alms was her joy. But she did many far more self-denying deeds than the giving of help in money. For instance, she would lie on the floor all night, that those poorer than herself and more in need of a night's rest might sleep in her own little bed. And then, too, she seems to have been a born nurse. Long afterwards, when the people of her neighbourhood were questioned about her, Simonin Musnier, a labourer of Domremy, in telling how good and simple and pious she was, added that when he was a child it was she who nursed him through illness, for, said he, she "liked to take care of the sick;" and Mengette, who married another labourer called Joyart, and who used often to sit spinning beside Joan while Joan was spinning too, told of her good manners, and how well brought up she was.

In these years of her girlhood, between thirteen and seventeen, there seems to have been a young man who teased her to marry him; but Joan did not love him in the least,

as wives should love their husbands, and would have nothing to say to it. Besides, she knew that the hard task which lay before her, the great and noble task of saving her country, must for a time make all thought of marriage impossible ; and so, if she had any girlish dreams of a home of her own —and what healthy girl has not?—she gave up all such thoughts into the heart of God, for as long as God might will. Like her Divine Master she lived for others ; and though she could not see suffering or bloodshed without a great distress and pity, she was willing to bear even that, if it was in the end to be for the saving of lives and of souls, in a warfare that should make for order and for peace.

So the years sped by in which Joan grew towards womanhood ; and still she kept her holy secret, telling no one of the visions and voices that came to her, but just working and praying and loving. She was as frank and brave as a boy, and could enjoy a joke like the rest. Her beautiful soul looked forth from

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Through all this time, and up to the day of her death, she found her greatest strength and happiness in that joyful act of worship in which she felt her own life fed and strengthened by the life and love of God.



JOAN OF ARC.
After Bastien-Lepage.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVE you ever heard of the Song of Roland? It is one of the great poems of the world, and though Joan lived in Lorraine, she had heard therein, I doubt not, many and many a time, those words of the poem that sing of “la doulx pays de France” (“the sweet land of France”), and that was the land for which she lived and died, and of which in her letters she often wrote in those very words!

In the four years of her girlhood many messages came to her, brought by S. Michael, S. Margaret, and S. Catherine, helping her own thoughts and guiding her in what she had to do; and when the time came to go forth with her armies, it was by their direction that she carried upon her banner, not the names of these messengers of her Master, but that of the Master Himself, Jesus, the

Son of Mary, or, as it was written in Latin for all to understand, "Jesu Maria."

This name was inscribed on the ring she had always worn—a ring such as the country people wore, which her mother and father had given her.

"The saints were her brothers and sisters in Paradise," she said, "but her Master was Christ," and His name was the last name on her lips when she died.

She would never describe to any one the precise appearance of S. Michael, but said that S. Margaret and S. Catherine came as she had seen them painted in the windows of the churches, except that they wore what she described as beautiful crowns. It was not till long afterwards, and in answer to questions from her enemies which she was obliged to answer, that she spoke at all of what they looked like: what mattered to her was not their appearance but their message.

The story ran that long ago an angel had brought to Domremy, the very village where Joan lived, a phial of sacred oil—the sacred

ampoule, as it was called—with which ever afterwards every rightful King of France was anointed when he was crowned at Reims.

Joan was led to see that the Dauphin—that is, as you will remember, the title given in France to the heir to the throne—must as soon as possible receive this anointing and crowning at Reims, for otherwise the English would crown their baby prince there, and claim the whole country for him. You may by this time very naturally have forgotten that our Harry the Fifth had married the French Princess Catherine, and that when Joan was about eight years old Isabel, the wicked wife of the mad King of France, had made a treaty at Troyes, by which the kingdom of France was to pass away from the Dauphin, who, she said, was not *really* the king's son—pass away from him to the son of Henry and Catherine. The poor young Dauphin himself had begun to doubt whether his mother's words might not be true, in which case he felt he had no claim upon the throne. One day when he was

quite alone, he prayed very earnestly to have it made clear to him whether this really was so or not, though it was all so painful to him that he told no human being of this prayer.

But, of course, God knew, and because the young Dauphin had prayed in faith, He answered him in a very wonderful way ; for He told Joan about it, through the messengers He sent to her, and said that she must go and see the Dauphin in private and say that God had sent her to answer his prayer and to tell him that his mother was lying, for he really *was* the king's son and the heir to the throne, and that if he would follow the directions God would give him through this warrior-maid he should yet save his kingdom.

But how was a mere peasant girl to find her way into the presence of the young prince and obtain a private hearing ? Could anything sound more wildly impossible ?

Moreover, her father had had a dream *two years before she told any one what it was she was called to do*—a dream in which he

saw her going away with men-at-arms—and he had said that if anything so dreadful really happened, either he or her brothers would drown her.

So you see there was a good deal to discourage her enterprise, for she knew by this time that it would be a part of her obedience to have to put on armour and ride forth among the soldiers.

But with God nothing is impossible for those who are true and fearless ; and though Joan loved her father and mother, and was, as she herself said, “held in great subjection by them,” and never, as far as we know, disobeyed them at any other time, yet even for their sakes she could not disobey God.

The castle of the Loire, where the Dauphin was staying at the time when Joan started on her great errand, was four hundred and fifty miles away from Domremy, where Joan lived. All the roads were beset by bands of robbers, and a great deal of the country that lay between was in the power of England and Burgundy, the enemies of Joan’s cause.

But Joan was sure by this time that God

really bade her go there, and that therefore nothing would prevent her arriving ; though she said that had she not been certain that the commands were really laid upon her, she would rather have been torn in pieces by horses than attempt an adventure so against the grain with her.

Since her mother had told her of her father's dread of any such undertaking from the time of his strange dream, she set her wits to work as to the best and most peaceable way of getting to her journey's end without too much upsetting the feelings of those she loved.

Now we have said that the goal of her journey was four hundred and fifty miles away, but at Vaucouleurs, which would be a first step in that direction, though only twelve miles from her own home, lived Captain Robert of Baudricourt, who had been fighting in the wars of Lorraine as long as she could remember, and had had dealings with her father about village money matters, her father being one of the most important of the peasants in Domremy. Captain

Robert would be able to give her help and escort if she could only make him believe in what she had to do. But he was a blunt, jocular man of the world and of the sword, and would be sure to laugh her to scorn if she knocked at his door alone and told him what she had come for.

Then she remembered that at Little Burey, a village close to Vaucouleurs, lived a cousin of hers, married to a certain Durand Lassois, a man so much older than Joan that she called him uncle; so, knowing that a little help and nursing would soon be required in their home, where a child was expected before long, she asked if she might go there for a while and be of what use she could.

This she was allowed to do, and she then, while staying with this so-called uncle, persuaded him to take her to Captain Robert.

She never thought about herself, but only of what she had to do, and so it came to pass that, although modest and courteous, she was neither shy nor clumsy, but had always noble and direct manners that set her at ease in any company alike with peasants and with

kings. All men to her, whether rich or poor, learned or simple, were just God's children, to be helped and comforted and aroused to do His will. The kingdom of France, she knew, like all other kingdoms, belonged to God; the Dauphin was to be just God's servant and hold it in trust for Him. She asked Captain Baudricourt to tell the Dauphin that God would give him help in the coming spring, or, to use her own exact words, "in Mid-Lent"—that is to say, in March—1429.

It is not surprising that Captain Robert not only refused to take any such message, but advised Lassois to box her ears and take her home to her father. Her first visit to him was in May 1428, and later in the year the English compelled the people of Domremy to withdraw to a place six miles away, where lived the young man who had wished to marry Joan. Before Joan's second visit to Captain Robert in the following spring, she heard sad news of her country's plight; for Orleans, a town which was, as it were, the key to that part of France still

true to the Dauphin, was hemmed round by the hostile armies of the English, who held also the neighbouring townlets on its outskirts. If Orleans surrendered to the foe, there would be little chance that the Dauphin could keep the other cities in which he took pleasure, such as Blois and Tours and Chinon.

CHAPTER V.

ROUND about Orleans were twelve or thirteen bastilles, tall mounds of earth crowned with high palisades, into which the English soldiers were packed, and from which they discharged their weapons.

The beautiful city, fronted by the river and crowned with towers, was well found in guns, and had high strong walls ; but it was believed that the English had mined the outworks, and the French had deserted the outer boulevard and strong “little towers” (*tourelles*) that would have protected their bridge from the English armies. To Joan what seemed saddest of all perhaps was the fact that the Duke of Orleans himself—poet as well as warrior—was a prisoner meanwhile in the hands of the English.

Things had come to this pass in October 1428, and Joan had said that in the follow-

ing spring the Dauphin should find that he had help from Heaven in winning back his own. She knew that the help was to be sent through her, poor and simple though she was, and she felt that she dared no longer delay. It was then that with a full heart she tore herself away from home and friends and went forth, knowing from her heavenly messengers that but little more than a year would be hers for the great deeds she had to do. Never again was she to see the little cottage by the church where all her childhood had been spent, or the flowers in the garden-close that lay between, the wheel where she sat spinning with Hauviette, or the oak forest on the hill, or the fairy tree and the great hawthorn where she had so often made garlands with the rest of her playfellows.

“It must be farewell to her dear mother ; to the meadows where she had run races for chaplets of flowers. Hers was to be the ‘immortal garland,’ the ‘imperishable crown’ of divine and undying love ; for One has said, ‘Be ye faithful unto death,

and I will give you that crown, not of death, but of life.'"

Often now, except for the comfort of God, she would have such trial and loneliness of spirit as would make the hard marches and the arrow-wounds, and even the touch of the flames at the last, lighter pain than the pangs of what she endured from misunderstanding and treachery and cowardice on the part of those she was trying to lead and uplift and save. Many a time in that short year she was almost worshipped, and many a time there were happy hours of comradeship and success; but spite and jealousy lay in wait for her, and the young prince, the Dauphin, whom she loyally loved and served even to the death, was hesitating when he should have been resolute, lazy and pleasure-seeking when he ought to have dared all things, and he let slip nine-tenths of the glorious chances that at such great cost she was to place in his hands.

When she set out upon her journey, she had not the heart to say farewell to her little

friend Hauviette ; but as she passed the home of her friend Gilmette in Greux, she cried out the adieu of which her heart was full, "Adieu, I go to Vaucouleurs," and to her old playmate Mengette, "Adieu, Mengette, God bless you !"

She went first to her so-called uncle and aunt at Little Burey ; and then, after a visit of six weeks, went on to the Royers at Vaucouleurs, where her hostess, Katherine Royer, was delighted, we are told, "by her gentle ways, her skill in sewing, and her earnest faith."

She told Katherine the bit of folklore which said that the country was to be saved by a maiden from the marches of Lorraine, Joan's own beloved countryside, and Katherine was much interested and impressed.

Joan used to climb the hill above Vaucouleurs to the Church of S. Mary, where she knelt so often and so earnestly in prayer that it was remembered of her long afterwards.

Captain Robert would not move his little finger for her, but still her faith failed not.

One day in the second week of February she met Jean de Metz, a young soldier of twenty-seven, who knew her father and mother, and was loyal to the Dauphin. She was wearing, we are told, "her poor red woman's dress;" but you must picture her to yourself as very tall, and white with the lovely healthful whiteness of a white rose. Her black hair was short and curly like a boy's, and it has been said of her, in Chaucer's beautiful words, that she was

"Sweet as a flower and upright as a bolt."

She had not been cast down by Captain Robert's scorn, for the heavenly messengers had foretold that she would meet unbelief and insult. On the eve of S. John, before she set out on her second visit to Vaucouleurs, she had said to Michael Lebuin, a boy of her own age, "There is a girl between Coussey and Vaucouleurs who within the year will have the king crowned at Reims," a prophecy which was remembered when early in the following year she led the Dauphin into Reims for his coronation. And to another

of her comrades she had said that she “would restore France and the royal line.”

She was equally clear and resolved in her conversation with Jean de Metz.

He said to her, “*Ma mie*, what are you doing here? Must the king be walked out of his kingdom, and must we all be English?”

“I am come,” she cried, “to a royal town to ask Robert de Baudricourt to lead me to the king. But Baudricourt cares nothing for me and for what I say; none the less I must be with the king by Mid-Lent, if I wear my legs down to the knees. No man in the world—kings nor dukes, nor the daughter of the Scottish king—can recover the kingdom of France; nor hath our king any succour save from myself, though I would liefer be sewing by my poor mother. For this deed is not convenient to my station. Yet go I must, and this deed I must do, because my Lord so wills it.”

“Who is your Lord?”

“My Lord is God,” said the Maid.

Oh, how well we can understand the

great throb that went through that loyal soldier's heart at the brave faith and certainty of that reply, as the clear, beautiful eyes looked honestly in his without base fear or foolish consciousness of self.

In one of Tennyson's poems there are lines which say of Sir Galahad and the sister of Sir Percival that she

“——laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief.”

That was what happened now to Jean de Metz. Joan's fervent faith awoke his, and “he believed in her belief.”

“Then I, Jean,” he answered, “swear to you, Maid, my hand in your hands, that I, God helping me, will lead you to the king, and I ask when you will go !”

“Better to-day than to-morrow,” she said ; “better to-morrow than later.”

CHAPTER VI.

IT had been thought that help would come from Scotland; for a French poet sent there by the Dauphin had pleaded that the bond between France and Scotland was written on men's hearts, and traced not in ink but in their blood. He had pleaded well: there followed a betrothal between Margaret, the infant daughter of the Scotch king James, and the Dauphin's little son Louis.

James, in this very year in which Jean de Metz swore to help the Maid in her mission, had promised to send a great army of 6,000 men to help the French and accompany the little Princess Margaret. This army was to arrive in May; and if that did not prove enough to overawe the English, then King James of Scotland himself would follow.

But Joan had learned from the heavenly

Voices that the hope was a false one, and that was what she meant when she said there "would come no aid from the daughter of Scotland."

The little Princess Margaret did not arrive for *seven* years, and the great army never at all !

Since Captain Robert de Baudricourt seemed determined not to help Joan in any way, she decided to try to *walk* to Chinon to find the Dauphin ; so she put on man's attire, and set out on that difficult journey of over four hundred miles. But she wisely saw afterwards that she would do better to return to Vaucouleurs and wait until she had a sufficient escort. She did not, therefore, at this time go beyond the shrine of S. Nicholas, near Nancy.

Meanwhile the Duke of Lorraine heard of her, and sent for her to go to him at Nancy. He sent a letter which would protect her by the way ; a horse was bought for her, and Jean de Metz and Durand de Lassois rode with her as far as Toul, Lassois all the way. This Duke of Lorraine was

the father-in-law of that famous “King René,” of whom you may have heard as surrounded by a “gay court of artists and minstrels !”

The duke was old and ill, and seems to have looked to Joan for some kind of magic cure ; but of his illness she told him she had no knowledge, although, if he would lend her his son-in-law René and some men-at-arms, she would pray for his health.

He gave her a black horse, but not very much other help. Meanwhile it seems that God gave Joan a way by which to convince at last the obstinately unbelieving Captain de Baudricourt.

It is said at least that on February 12 she went to this Captain Robert and said, “In God’s name you are too slow in sending me ; for this day near Orleans a great disaster has befallen the gentle Dauphin, and worse fortune he will have unless you send me to him.”

Now that day was the day on which the Dauphin’s friends suffered a great defeat at Rouvray, though in those times news took

so long to travel that Robert had not heard of it, and Joan could not possibly know by any earthly means : he was sure of that, even when he did hear of it some days afterwards. Most likely this made him feel certain that Joan was no ordinary country lass, no mere vain, self-confident deceiver, but a creature inspired either by God or by some evil power. So while she was staying with the Royers, and she and Madame Royer were sitting quietly at home together, in came Captain Robert and a certain priest whom he had probably brought for the purpose, and putting on his stole, the priest exclaimed to the Maid, “ If thou be a thing of evil, begone from us ; if a thing of good, approach us ! ” And Joan drew near upon her knees.

Joan said to Madame Royer that this was ill done of the priest, for he knew from her confessions that she was in the service of God and not of the devil ; but it may be that, after all, it was just his way of convincing Captain Robert of this very fact. If so, it succeeded entirely ; for it was after this incident that the unbelieving Robert, Captain

de Baudricourt, actually ordered an escort to lead her to the Dauphin, or, as they now often called him, the King.

But he did not give much help in equipping her, though, doubtless, his letter to Charles—that was the young King's name, Charles the Seventh—was of more use to her than money would have been.

It was Jean de Metz—Novelopont he was often named—who helped another friend, called Bertrand de Poulengy, to provide for the expenses of Joan's journey, which, later on, the King's treasury repaid to them.

By the advice of Jean de Metz, Joan once more put on male attire, changing “her poor girl's dress of red cloth for the tunic, vest, long breeches, boots, spurs, and cap of a page.” The people of Vaucouleurs subscribed that this might be done, and that a horse might be bought for Joan, so that it is clear they began to think they might trust in her; and when she rode forth on her long-desired journey to the king at Chinon, besides Jean de Metz and De Poulengy, and their two servants, there rode with her

also the King's messenger and Richard the Archer.

Her friends came forth rejoicing that she had won over so many doubting hearts, yet fearing for her the troublous condition of the roads. "All the ways," they said, "are beset with men-at-arms."

But she answered, "The way is made clear before me. I have my Lord, who makes the path smooth to the gentle Dauphin, for to do this deed was I born."

Beside this great and noble faith it was a small thing that as the Maid of France, our brave Joan, rode out of the Gate of France, ere the night fell through which she and her little company travelled, the bluff Captain Robert presented her with a sword, saying, "Go your ways then, and let come what may!"

CHAPTER VII.

JOAN had all the beauty of perfect health —health of mind and body, and of a soul lit with God's fire. Her grace was the grace of untiring energy ; and a young knight, Guy de Laval, writing of her to his mother, said, “ She seems a thing all divine, *de son faict*, and to see and hear her.”

We read of her : “ Her courtly manner of address and salutation she seemed to have learned from her crowned and gracious lady saints. She loved a good horse, a good knight, and a good sword, and she loved to go richly clad.”

We have come now to a very exciting point in her adventures, for at last she was to give God's message to the young king and arouse him to his duty.

You will remember it has already been said that it was in answer to his secret prayer

of faith, known, as *he* thought, only to himself and Him to whom he prayed, that God was sending Joan to him. But although Joan knew before she left Vaucouleurs that she would have a sign from Heaven to convince the King, I cannot tell you at what moment the heavenly Voices explained all this to her. I only know that the promise was kept, and that to Charles, the young King—the Dauphin, as he had hitherto been called—it seemed very wonderful; for his prayer, passionate though it was, had not even been put into words, but uttered only in the depths of his own soul. Therefore you may easily imagine how amazing it was to find that it was known from beginning to end to a peasant girl who had come four hundred and fifty miles to bring him God's answer, though he had never in his life seen her before.

Captain Robert had bound over the men who accompanied Joan on her journey to Chinon, to guard her and bring her safely to her journey's end. But there seems to have been little need of any such bond, for they



JOAN OF ARC.
After Ingres.

felt her goodness too deeply to do otherwise, and had she been their sister they could not have reverenced her more.

But as she approached the Castle of Chinon, where the young King Charles was dwelling, a man on horseback, seeing a young maid riding up in man's attire, began, with an oath, to insult her.

"In God's name, do you swear," she replied, "and you so near your death?"

Within the hour the man fell into the water—probably, according to the latest historian, into the castle moat—and he was drowned.

By the way, in the journey to Chinon, the Maid and her friends had stopped at one very interesting place, the little town of Fierbois, where there was a little chapel dedicated to S. Catherine. In this chapel a book has been kept, full of the wonderful stories of those who had been healed and helped. This book contains an account of what happened a little while afterwards to Michael Hamilton, a Scotsman, who was very devoted to S. Catherine, but had been

hanged as a highway robber. In the night the village priest heard a Voice telling him to go and cut the rope. The priest disobeyed ; but after his Easter service was over he sent his servant to take a look round, and the servant dug his penknife into Michael's toe. To his amazement he found the man kicked, and was certainly alive. He, Michael, was not only cut down, but was nursed and tended, and, though not without the reminder of a box on the ear from some invisible power, made a pilgrimage to Fierbois and set his name to the tale.

Joan was not afraid of robbers during her journey. She told her companions they need have no fear, "for her brothers of Paradise taught her always what she should do, and it was now four or five years since they and her Lord had told her that she must go to the war for the recovery of France."

Only it was a trouble to her that in this hostile country they could not go to Mass.

When she reached Fierbois she wrote to the Dauphin, asking him to grant permission to her to enter his town of Chinon, saying

what a great distance she had ridden to tell him "things useful to him and known to her," and adding that she "would recognize him among all others."

Neither this letter nor that of Captain Robert had been given to the King when she arrived. Perhaps her errand had been regarded as being all a girl's nonsense. But it is said that some of the court, hearing that she had said she should know the King when she saw him, played tricks upon her by pointing out the wrong person when she arrived, and saying of one another, "See, there is the King!" when it was not the King at all. Joan, however, was not deceived by them.

CHAPTER VIII.

PICTURE to yourselves a royal presence-chamber, brilliantly lighted with fifty flaming torches and crowded with a gay assembly—three hundred knights among them—all dazzling in velvet and cloth of gold slashed with crimson and blue; altogether an imposing crowd to one who had spent her life in a little country village—soldiers, statesmen, and bishops, among the latter the Archbishop of Reims, who afterwards injured the Maid so deeply.

Into this throng, from the darkness of the night, ushered by Louis de Bourbon, the Count de Vendôme, came the tall peasant girl with the sweet, gay smile, in her page's dress of gray and black—a short, coarse, gray tunic, and a black cap on her close-cropped black hair.

We have it from an eye-witness that she

did not lose her presence of mind, but came forward with great humility and simplicity, saying to the King,—

“ Most noble Lord Dauphin, I come from God to help you and your realm.”

She made her way at once to Charles himself, though some accounts say that he had been disguised so that his court might observe for themselves whether it was true that, as she had said, she should know him at sight, as indeed she did.

Then the young King drew her aside, and after talking with her apart for a long time, seemed to be refreshed with joy by what he had heard. Well indeed might that be ; for whereas he had in his secret heart solemnly entreated God that if he was the rightful heir to the crown of France—which he himself had privately doubted—he might be protected, helped, and saved, Joan came as a messenger from Him to whom the prayer had been offered, to tell him that he was indeed that rightful heir, and should have the aid and protection that he had implored.

But of all these things it was thought best to explain nothing to the court, or, indeed, to any one. For people in general it was enough that they should know that Joan had been able to give the King a sign from God which thoroughly convinced him that she was indeed a messenger from the Most High, sent to help and save her country.

She was lodged in the castle of Coudray, part of the King's palace, under the guardianship of Bellier and his wife—people connected with the court.

Louis de Coutes, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, of poor but noble family, French on the father's side and Scotch on the mother's, was given her for a page.

He often saw her praying alone and weeping, though in company she was of so smiling and gallant a courage.

It was now that she first met one who was to be a dear and faithful friend to her.

This was the Duke of Alençon. He had been taken prisoner at Verneuil, and had not long come back, when, while shooting quails in the marshes one day, he heard that Joan

had arrived and was with his kinsman, King Charles.

Next day he was introduced to her at the castle.

“Sir,” she said, “you are welcome. The more of the blood Royal we have together the better.”

The day afterwards, after Mass, he dined with Joan and the King and a funny fat old soldier called La Trémoille, who had always a very bad influence over King Charles.

I should have liked to hear all that passed at that little dinner-party of four. It has been well said that the swift changes in Joan’s life make a story more wonderful than the “Arabian Nights.”

After the little party of four had talked and dined, they went out into the meadows to try the horses, and Joan so won the heart of D’Alençon by the way in which she managed her lance, and by her graceful horsemanship, that he made her a present of a horse. From that time forth they became good comrades. She called him her *beau duc*, and his wife became one of her best friends.

Once he owed his life to Joan, and once an even deeper debt, for, being a brave, true man, he was not ashamed to confess that there was a moment when his courage would have failed him but for her.

CHAPTER IX.

D'ALENÇON had heard Joan deliver very grave orders to her Prince, by the command, I suppose, of her heavenly counsellors. He, the Dauphin, who was already regarded as king by those who were loyal, was to place his country in the hands of God, and receive it back from Him with a new oath of obedience to the King of kings. He was to live a better life, be merciful, grant a general pardon, and be a good master to rich and poor, friend and enemy alike.

Joan always spoke out boldly, for she was repeatedly bidden to do so by the Voices, and she had no base fears for herself; her anguish of compassion and her anxiety were all for her downtrodden and suffering country, especially for those who were beleaguered in Orleans.

Certainly both king and country were in
(1,482)

great straits. Orleans was heavily besieged ; and if that city fell, all was likely to fall into the power of the enemy.

Joan, who had been warned that her power of helping would be spanned by one short year or a little more, wept bitterly at the long delays and councils before the over-cautious and hesitating King would let her take action. Even in the beginning of this year of 1429, it was said—and no doubt on her own authority—that after the relief of Orleans she was to achieve two more feats, and then to die.

Yet the King still dallied, and would have her cross-questioned by learned old doctors at Poitiers, to make clear to everybody concerned that he was not mixed up with witchcraft of any kind.

Some of these learned men wished to make her perform a miracle to please them.

“In God’s name,” she said, “I did not come to Poitiers to work miracles ! Take us to Orleans, and I will show you the signs of my sending. Give me few men or many, and I go.”

She made to them, however, four predictions which all came true, though she did not herself live to see the fulfilment of them all. She would summon the English, and, if they obeyed not, would drive them from their siege ; she would crown the Dauphin at Reims ; Paris should come into his allegiance ; and the Duke of Orleans should return from England.

The learned men asked Joan why she always called King Charles the Dauphin, and she replied that she would call him by no other name till he had been anointed with the sacred oil at Reims.

For six weeks she was being cross-questioned, until all her examiners had to confess that they found in her only “ honesty, simplicity, humility, maidenhood, and devotion ;” so that the King, they said, ought to let her go to Orleans as she wished, and show there the token of help from Heaven that she promised.

But first she was to go to Tours, where dwelt the skilled smiths and workers in metal, who were to make her a suit of white

armour, such as you see in the pictures, with helmet and gorget and corselet all complete, a “kind of skirt of steel open in the centre for freedom in riding.” We read that “the steel sleeves had plates with covered hinges to guard the elbows; there were steel gauntlets, thigh-pieces, knee-joints, greaves, and steel shoes. The horse, a heavy-weight carrier, had his chamfron of steel, and the saddle rose high at the pommel and behind the back. A *hucque*, or cloak of cloth of gold, velvet, or other rich material, was worn over the armour.”

Can you imagine what it must have been to go clothed in all this heavy weight of steel *for six days on end*, as Joan did once?

Strength of body was given to her, and great strength of soul. Often she prayed—prayed from the depths of her being; and truly from such prayer flows forth such strength as can never be used up or come to an end.

Ridicule was less than nothing to her, for continually her heavenly visitors, with their great courtesy and gentle ways, brought her

such comfort and courage that she kissed the ground where they had stood, and wept when they left.

She knew that without help from above it would have been madness for her, an ignorant, untrained peasant girl, to ride forth at the head of the army ; for she had common sense and humour, and saw things as they actually were, not through a rosy mist.

But she *had* the help, and she knew that for all the heavenly Voices bade her do she would have strength and guidance, whether for life or for death. She had only to do what she was told until she joined her "brothers in Paradise."

CHAPTER X.

AND now I am going to tell you a delightful and wonderful story.

You remember what we read of the Church of S. Catherine at Fierbois?

Well, inside a big box in the great altar of that church there was a sword, but no one on earth remembered it was there; for the big box—the great coffer, as it was respectfully called—had not been opened for twenty years.

Joan received a message from Heaven to say that it was there, and that it was the sword she must carry with her all through her battles.

She wrote to the churchmen at Fierbois, asking them to let her have it.

Only think how astonished they must have been!

But perhaps they thought that here was a good chance for seeing whether Joan was the

true Maid of France, and whether her messages really came from Him in whose honour churches and altars were built.

So they set to work to search and search, until the sword was found.

Joan, I think, had not been told that it was *inside* the altar, but rather expected it to be found in front or behind; so probably it may have been some time before they discovered it.

But it was found at last. It was a great, heavy, rusty sword with five crosses on it, and when the churchmen had it rubbed up the rust soon came off. They gave Joan a sheath for it, and sent it to her by a merchant of Tours who sold armour.

I suppose the people of Tours may have wanted to have a share in the goodwill and the glory, or, better than that, to give a sign of their love for the Maid and their trust in her undertaking, for she tells us that they gave her two sheaths, one of red velvet and one of cloth of gold. But velvet and gold were less fitting than the strong leather sheath that she herself had made for it.

About the twenty-second of April, Joan came to know that she should be wounded at Orleans, but not mortally, and this she told the King. A Fleming in the diplomatic service mentioned it in one of his letters, dated just a fortnight before the event came true, and the letter still remains for those who care to read it.

It was the King's wish that Joan should have a household of distinguished attendants. So she had two pages, Louis de Coutes and Raymond; a good man named Pasqueral, of the order of our own S. Augustine, who would in England have been called her chaplain perhaps; and Jean d'Aulon, her equerry, a faithful and loyal servant, ever at her side, and "one of the best men in the kingdom." As for Jean de Metz, or Noppelont as he was often called, he was her treasurer.

Joan wished her soldiers to be true knights of God, and she used her powerful influence—for it was very powerful through her great faith and the holiness of her life—to help them to cure themselves of swearing and

other bad habits, and become in all ways better men while they served under her banner.

It was a beautiful standard that she bore, for S. Catherine and S. Margaret had told her how it was to be designed, and had bidden her take it and bear it valiantly. Our Lord was there represented with the world in His hand, and on each side there was an angel, not as her guardian, but for the glory of God. Over the pure white linen ground were scattered the French lilies. The motto, as we have said before, was “*Jesu Maria.*”

The Maid, who never slew any man, even in the thickest of the battle, where she rode so fearlessly, carried this beautiful standard in her hand, that she might never have to strike any one with the sword.

CHAPTER XI.

DO not let it confuse you that throughout this story, to prevent the continual repetition of her name, Joan is often spoken of as “the Maid,” because in history she has long been known as “the Maid of Orleans.”

In her company, among her good and true men, there rode with her to Blois one man who was not true to her, and whose spite against her later may have arisen from the fact that it seems likely she discovered him in an action very unworthy of his religion—a false, self-serving action for his own enrichment. This was the Archbishop of Reims, of whom we shall hear again later.

At Blois the Maid’s company met men and supplies, and were joined by many priests and soldiers inspired by Joan’s faith in what she regarded as a Holy War.

It was from this place that the first advance was made on Orleans. It recalls to memory the story of the sacred music of the trumpets that played round about Jericho before it fell ; for twice a day Joan led the hymn-singing, standing in the midst, with a banner on which shone forth a picture of her crucified Lord ; and the soldiers, who doubtless enjoyed the singing, were not allowed to join in it unless they had confessed their sins. In this way a kind of discipline was kept in that strange, irregular army. Joan's own coat of arms, or "personal blazon," was a blue shield with a white dove, bearing a scroll wherein was written, "*De par le Roy du ciel*" ("In the name of the King of Heaven").

Dunois, who was commanding the French forces in Orleans, was a courteous young man, and bore with great gentleness Joan's rebuke on her arrival—a rebuke not the less severe from the pain she had been suffering through the weight of her armour on this first march. But before it is possible to understand why she was indignant, it is

necessary to explain a little the position of Orleans, and the plan that had been made.

It had been arranged that Joan's forces should not attempt the main gate where Talbot and Suffolk were in command of the besieging armies, but march up-stream to a point where the French could help them with boats to reach the little village of Checy, which would make easy an attack on the eastern or Burgundian gate, while the garrison issued forth to surround the English fortress of S. Loup hard by.

But there was no use of steam in those days, and it was perilous to make plans that were at the mercy of the wind. When Joan and her people arrived, it was blowing so hard *down-stream* that the boats could not ascend the river ; and every moment of delay was a danger, for if they paused in their march the English leaders could easily cross the river from their main gate, protected by the guns of the Charlemayne fort.

Joan was not inclined to waste time in ceremonies when Dunois rode up to meet

her at the Tourelles, where there was a necessary halt. But it is only fair to say that the title by which she addressed him, though it did not sound very polite, was the title he usually bore.

He told her how welcome was her coming, and she replied, “Was it you who gave counsel to come by this bank of the river, so that I cannot go straight against Talbot and the English?”

“I and those wiser than I gave that counsel, and I think it is the wiser way and the safer.”

“In God’s name, the counsel of our Lord is wiser and safer than yours. You think to deceive me, and you deceive yourself; for I bring you better rescue than ever came to knight or city, the succour of the King of Heaven.”

And behold, in the very moment in which she was speaking that sentence, the promised succour came; for the wind, which had been so strong and contrary, suddenly changed and became favourable—so favourable that the sails filled, and every vessel was able to tow

two others, such an unheard-of thing in those days that it was spoken of as a miracle.

Dunois was most anxious to take Joan into Orleans at once, where the people were eagerly expecting her ; so she sent back some of her trusty leaders to inspirit and guide the main part of the army, which must needs return to Blois for further convoy of cattle and grain, while she entered at last the town where her heart had long dwelt.

She hated bloodshed, and determined to take every possible step for a peaceful surrender of Orleans into the King's hands.

On Tuesday in Holy Week she dictated a letter to the English, asking them to give up their arms, because Charles was the true heir, and it was God's will that he should rule, as she, the Maid, had revealed, and added that he would enter Paris in good company. If they resisted, there would be a great to-do ; but if they obeyed, they might join the French in glorious deeds—meaning in truth a crusade. Three times the summons was repeated, but it was all in vain.

The first time, the letter was carried into

the English camp by a herald, whom they threatened to burn.

The second time, the Maid herself addressed the leaders in the fort of the Tourelles at the end of the bridge ; but they called her "Milkmaid," and threatened to burn *her*.

The third summons was made with an army at her back, and the knowledge that she must fight her way to victory.

Before her coming, the French forces within the town had been crippled by fear and indolence, and the wild *hurrahs* of the English round about their walls struck needless panic into their midst.

The Maid brought faith and hope with her from the first, and faith and hope spell strength and courage. The night before her entry into the city she had slept at Reuilly, and there her host, Guy de Cailly, saw the three angels who were with her ; and no doubt the news of that would be carried into the city with her, though indeed her own high-hearted, self-forgetful spirit was the best enforcement of all.

Crowds of people came out to meet her, as she entered Orleans “under cloud of night.”

She was splendidly mounted. On her left side rode Dunois. They were surrounded by troops of men bearing flaming torches, and rode slowly, while round about them the people made “such joy as if they saw God descend among them ; and not without reason, for they had suffered sorely, and, what is worse, had little hope of succour, but feared to lose their lives and goods. But now they were comforted as if the siege were already raised, thanks to the divine virtue which dwelt, as they had been told, in the simple Maid. Lovingly they gazed on her—men, women, and little children. And there was marvellous pressing to touch her as she rode, so much that a torch-bearer came so near her standard that it caught fire. Then she struck the spurs into her horse, and lightly she turned him on the standard, and crushed out the flame, as one might do that had long followed the wars.”

They all went rejoicingly to the Church



JOAN'S TRIUMPHAL
ENTRY INTO ORLEANS.

After Scherrer.



of the Holy Rood, where she gave thanks to God ; and afterwards that night the Maid shared a bed with a little girl called Charlotte, who, when she grew to be a woman, loved to tell how good and pure-hearted was that night's bedfellow, and how Joan rose early to confess and receive the Holy Communion before going into battle ; how, too, she had assured her with certainty that the long siege would be raised and the beleaguered town set free.

Two days later began the month of May, in which God gave Joan great triumph and power to help. It was the first month of that brief year in which all she had to do on earth must be done.

CHAPTER XII.

DUNOIS, who seems to have been as businesslike as he was gentle, was careful to give the people of Orleans a receipt for what they had lent him to pay the garrison and the captains who were to serve the Maid in his absence; and then, having taken care that the place was well provisioned till his return, he set forth to meet the convoy from Blois, while Joan made a display of cavalry in the meadows to cover his movement.

Meanwhile all the men, women, and children were so eager to see her that they thronged the house where she lodged, and almost broke in the door. Her loving heart prompted her to step forth therefore, and ride through the town surrounded by her squires, and we read that "the folk," who marvelled to see what a graceful horse-

woman she was, “could not have enough of the sight of her.” On the following day, May 2, a great multitude of them followed while she reconnoitred the English positions ; and on May 3 the garrisons of neighbouring towns came in, and news arrived of the army and convoy from Blois, who were met at dawn by Joan and La Hire and five hundred fighting men. They skirted the forest at the back of the city, and slipped in through a gap between the two forts of S. Loup and Paris (not to be confused, of course, with the *city* of that name).

Dunois gave Joan news that Fastolf was bringing help for the English, and in the gayest mood she replied to Dunois, “If you do not let me know when he arrives, I—will have your head !”

Then, being tired with her long ride, she lay down to rest. But suddenly she leaped up out of her sleep, sure that her heavenly Voices were calling her forth once more to labour and to fight, but not yet certain in which direction she must ride.

D'Aulon jumped up—for he was also rest-

ing—and in all haste began to help her to put on her armour; and even while he was doing so, he heard the people outside crying that the English were making great havoc among the French.

Then, while he was buckling on his own armour, the Maid slipped out of the room, exclaiming to her page, whom she met on the stairs, “ Ha, you will not tell me when the blood of France is being spilt?—Bring my horse.” When he came back she called for her banner also, which he handed to her through the upper window, that no time might be lost, and she was away in a flash to the farthest gate of the town, where the noise was loudest, sparks flying from the stones beneath her horse’s shoes.

Her men followed, and in the gateway they met a sorely wounded man, Joan exclaiming, “ I never see French blood spilt but my hair rises with horror.”

The fort was easily taken, and many prisoners fell into their hands who had put on priestly vestments found in the steeple. Joan spared their lives, covering her mercy

with a jest. “We must take nothing from Churchmen!” she said.

Meanwhile Talbot had been leading his forces to the rescue, but having taken a roundabout *route*, arrived too late. As for Joan, she wept over the slain, cut off thus suddenly without comfort of prayer or confession, and she herself knelt that day to confess.

The next day was Ascension Day, and Joan and her army kept it as a holy festival. She dictated her last letter to the English, saying: “This is the third and last time that I write to you. I would have sent my letter in more honourable fashion, but you keep my herald. . . . Return him, and I will return the prisoners taken at S. Loup.”

Then she tied the note to the end of an arrow, and it was shot across into the English camp as she stood on the fort at the end of the bridge. The English picked it up, and Glasdale answered with a word of terrible insult, which brought the quick tears to the Maid’s eyes.

Then her people held a council of war,

and they thought they would hide from her a little stratagem they were planning ; but it was of no use, for she *knew*, though none had told her. So they had, after all, to take her fully into their counsels and follow her bidding. There were with them many distinguished men, one of them with a name which may amuse you, for he was usually called “ Hugh come with the penny.”

CHAPTER XIII.

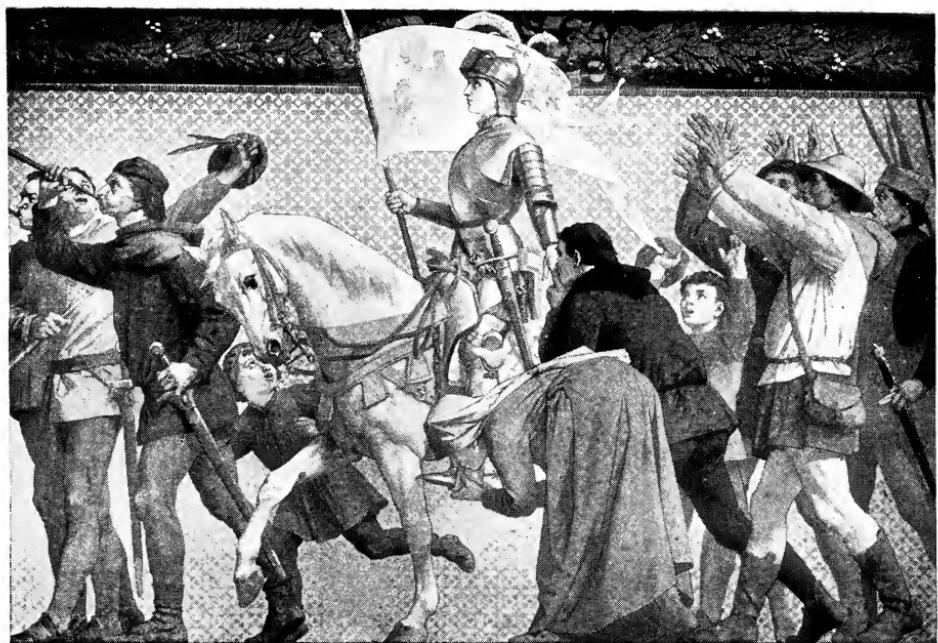
AS for Joan, whatever the skirmishing or fighting, she never gave way, “unless she was carried off wounded at nightfall.”

The next step towards relieving the city was to take the Tourelles, and that could not be done till the Fort Augustine—its advance guard as it were—had been stormed. That was successfully done in a very spirited attack led by Joan. She was wounded that day in the foot, and though it was a Friday, and she usually fasted that day, she felt it right and wise to take supper with the rest, that she might be prepared for the night attack by which the English might have recovered their advantage, and she was up very early on the morning of May 7.

“Rise with the dawn to-morrow,” she said to those about her, “and you will do even better than to-day. Keep close by me,

because to-morrow I shall have much to do—more than ever I had—and blood will flow from my body above my breast."

Now let us realize what had yet to be done. The flower of the English army, six hundred men under De Moleyns, Poynings, and Glasdale, held the remaining forts, the Tourelles, as they were called, at the end of that bridge over the Loire from which the English must at all costs be driven out. And these forts were very strong; such were the moats and walls that they might have been held against an onset of six thousand. They might well scorn Joan and her handful, though it is true she had brave men with her and a goodly company. The Tourelles itself, I must remind you once more, was the name given to a stone fort of two towers on an arch of the bridge which divided the city from the invading forces, and on the city side this had been strengthened by a boulevard or outwork, and also by a gap made in the bridge itself (through the destruction of one arch), the gap being protected by the outwork, which had high walls, needing to



THE WELCOME GIVEN TO
JOAN BY THE CITIZENS
OF ORLEANS. *After Lenepveu.*

be attacked with scaling-ladders, and made of earth and fagots. It will give some idea of its strength to mention that in the previous October two hundred and forty Englishmen had been slain in their attempt to take possession of it; only by mining it had their comrades at last succeeded in gaining it.

At sunrise on the 7th, Joan heard Mass, and seeing a man bring a "sea-trout" for her breakfast, she said to her host, "Keep it for supper, for I will bring you a *godon* later, and will come back *by the bridge*"—a remarkable thing to say since the bridge had been broken down.

All day the townsfolk busied themselves in arranging for the repair of the broken arches and the great assault on the Tourelles.

The Maid had with her, as has been said, a brilliant company, but they were more than matched by a more numerous and equally distinguished array of leaders on the side of the enemy, who spent their day in preparing their powerful guns in the forts,

among which was one ancient “Long Tom,” that could cast stone balls of eighty pounds weight across the river into Orleans. Of guns, bows and arrows, and unflinching courage, they had plenty.

Early in the morning the French companies, each with its own assault, were swarming over the walls in multitudes. “And well the English fought; for the French were scaling at once in various places, in thick swarms, attacking on the highest parts of their walls, with such hardihood and valour, that to see them you would have thought they deemed themselves immortal. But the English drove them back many times, and tumbled them from high to low, fighting with bowshot and gunshot, with axes, lances, bills, and leaden maces, and even with their fists, so that there was some loss in killed and wounded.”

Ladders were rising, men were climbing them; the ladders were overthrown, or the climbers were shot, or smitten, or grappled with and dashed into the fosse; while the air whirred to the flight of arrows and bolts,

and the smoke rose sulphurous from the mouths of guns.

“The standard of the Maid floated hard by the wall, till, about noonday, a bolt or arrow pierced her shoulder-plate as she climbed the first scaling-ladder, and the point passed clean through armour and body, standing out a hand-breadth behind.”

Perhaps the English, who thought of her as a witch, hoped, according to the old superstition, that, now some of her blood had been drawn, her power would be gone. In any case, it must have pleased them to see her out of action for a time.

But not for long.

There she stood under her standard and heartened her men, notwithstanding that arrow through her shoulder, until at last the sun fell, and as the lights of Orleans began to twinkle forth in the houses of the town and were repeated in the silvery waters of the river below, it seemed that the French forces had gained but little, and her followers, worn out with their hard, brave day, began

to lose heart, and think it might be weeks before the fort was taken.

Then clear and sweet rang forth the voice of that wounded girl—"Doubt not, the place is ours."

Yet even the gentle and courageous Dunois had lost all hope of victory that day, and he ordered the recall to be sounded.

"But then," he tells us, "the Maid came to me, and asked me to wait yet a little while. Then she mounted her horse, and went alone into a vineyard, some way from the throng of men, and in that vineyard she abode in prayer for about half a quarter of an hour. Then she came back, and straightway took her standard into her hands and planted it on the edge of the fosse."

When the English saw her of whom they spoke as the wounded witch, standing once more where she had stood since early morning, they "shuddered, and fear fell upon them." These are the very words of Dunois, who saw them.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE trumpets sounded the recall, and the French were retreating, so that the English, after their day's hard fighting, were full of gladness.

Then the standard-bearer of the Maid handed on his precious trust to a Basque, at the command of De Villars, that it might be borne back with the French host in their withdrawal, though hitherto he had been holding Joan's flag aloft in the front of the attack on the boulevard during the short time that she herself was absent praying in the vineyard.

D'Aulon saw this happen just as Dunois had, at the Maid's entreaty, countermanded the retreat. He felt how much depended on that glorious standard which, for the great affection the men-at-arms bore to it, might still make possible a rally to storm

the boulevard, and he cried out to the Basque, “If I dismount, will you follow me ?”

“I will,” was the reply.

At this moment the Maid returned, just as D’Aulon, springing from his saddle and holding off a shower of arrows with his shield, had sprung into the ditch and up the other side, followed by the Basque, who was now hidden in the ditch, only the flag in his hand being visible. Notwithstanding his purpose, and fearing that her standard was lost or betrayed, Joan seized the floating end of the flag, exclaiming, “Ha ! my standard ! my standard !” waving it wildly like a signal for onset, so that all the men-at-arms gathered for attack. D’Aulon, wondering at the delay, for the Basque was out of his sight in the ditch, cried out in blame to the latter, saying,—

“Is *this* what you promised me ?”

The Basque then tore the flag out of the hands of the Maid, ran through the ditch, and stood beside D’Aulon, close to the enemy’s wall. By this time her whole

company of those who loved her had rallied and were round her.

“ Watch,” said Joan to a knight at her side, “ watch till the tail of my standard touches the wall ! ”

A few moments passed.

“ Joan, the flag touches the wall ! ”

“ Then enter, all is yours ! ”

“ Heedless of arrows and bullets, the multitude rushed *en masse* on the wall.

“ Every scaling-ladder was thronged ; they reached the crest of the fort ; they leaped or tumbled into the work ; swords and axes rose and fell ; ‘ never had living men seen such an onslaught.’

“ The English ammunition was exhausted, or time failed them to load the guns ; the bolts and arrows were expended ; the yeomen thrust with lances, hacked with their bills, smote with their maces, even with their fists, threw down great stones ; there was a din of steel blades on steel armour : but at last the English turned and fled to the drawbridge that enabled them to cross towards the stone fort of the Tourelles.

“ But the drawbridge was cracking under their feet ; it was enveloped in an evil stench and smoke ; tongues of flame licked it, and shot up through the planks ; while the stone bullets of the guns of Orleans lighted on roof and walls of the Tourelles and splashed in the water of the Loire.

“ Joan saw the fire and the peril, and had compassion on the brave but brutal Glasdale, who had threatened and insulted her.

“ ‘ Glasdale ! ’ she cried, ‘ Glasdale ! yield thee, yield thee to the King of Heaven ! You called me by the lowest name that can be thrown at a woman, but I have great pity on your soul and the souls of your company.’ ”

She would not humiliate the man by bidding him yield to *her*, the Maiden he had scorned, whose spirit he had wounded to the quick ; she only bade him yield to the King of Heaven, careful, because he was the cruellest of enemies, to show him the nobler courtesy.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was the people of Orleans who had fired the drawbridge by sending a fireship under it, after loading it with every kind of greasy inflammable stuff they could find.

Many of the English from the boulevard dashed through the smoke to the Tourelles, while English leaders like Glasdale and De Moleyns held the drawbridge with axe and sword, all fighting magnificently.

But as they reached the Tourelles they saw men crossing as if by miracle across the great gap in the flaming bridge where the arches had gone—crossing to attack in front, so that now the English fugitives were completely surrounded and done for, both behind and before.

The Orleans people had slung an old gutter pipe across the space above the flames, where the broken arches had been, and

because it was not long enough to reach all the way, a carpenter had fastened a beam to it which just touched the other side.

The Orleans men, who knew just where the thing was weak and could roughly guess what weight it might bear, leaped lightly across it, looking to those who watched as if they were flying across the fire.

But when Glasdale and his comrades tried to cross into the fort in their heavy armour, the smouldering drawbridge broke under their mailed feet, and the weight of that they bore dragged them down under the water, while the Maid knelt weeping at the pity and the horror of it—weeping and praying for their souls.

As for the harder of the men at her side, they were vexed to think they had lost heavy ransoms ; for of all the brave defenders of the Tourelles not one remained to tell the tale—all were either drowned or slain.

But the people so long besieged were rejoicing at their recovered freedom, and as the joy-bells rang out upon the night across the dark river and the crimson flames, the

Maid, as D'Aulon had heard her prophesy,
“returned by the bridge.”

Never again did the English fight their way so far into the heart of France.

The promised sign had been given by the Maid of Orleans ; she had kept her word and her faith, and God had given her the victory.

“ Within less than a week of her first day under fire, the girl of seventeen had done what Wolfe did on the Heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn—she had gained one of the ‘fifteen decisive battles’ of the world.”

CHAPTER XVI.

AS soon as they entered the city the French knelt in their churches, giving thanks and praise to God.

Not until this thanksgiving service was over did the Maid, who had eaten nothing since dawn, have her wound tended by a surgeon, and take a slight supper of four or five slips of bread soaked in weak wine and water.

We read that “her great temperance and perfect health alone can account for the absence of any ill effects from a wound caused by the perforation of her body by a bolt or arrow. Her wound was healed within a fortnight.”

The day after, the great battle began at dawn for Joan, despite her wound and her weariness.

For at sunrise the English came out of

their tents and arrayed themselves for battle. They were in good order of battle, with flags flying.

Joan rose from bed, and since she could not bear the weight of her heavy plate-armour that day, she put on a coat of mail. Then she called together her most daring leaders and collected her troops.

Very soon the two armies were facing one another that Sunday morning in May.

Would there be fighting?

None knew, and perhaps the Maid herself was as yet uncertain.

She sent for a movable altar and the vestments for the priests ; and then there were two Masses, all her army devoutly worshiping.

Afterwards Joan asked whether the English were still facing her army.

In reply she was told that they had turned away towards Meun.

“ Let them go,” she said, “ our Lord does not wish us to fight them to-day ; you will have them another time.”

Then the enemy withdrew in good order.

Ah ! that “other time” was yet to come, and was to be *indeed* “a crushing defeat.”

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the Dauphin welcomed the Maid at Tours after this great success to his cause, he sent news of the victory to all his great towns, and mentioned her alone in his gazette as the inspiring chief of all, “ personally present in all these actions.”

It is said that the treasurer of the Emperor Sigismund wrote down in his informal history of those days that, as Joan rode into Tours, she was met by the Dauphin, and she bowed to her very saddlebow. But he bade her sit erect, and “ it was thought he would like to kiss her, so glad he was.”

Alas! his gladness did not rouse him from his customary waste of time. He dawdled, as was his way, and failed to seize the full advantage Joan had given him. The march on Reims, which her “ *conseil*,” as she called her heavenly guides, had always directed, was still most wearisomely delayed.

Early in June the Maid and Dunois together visited the Dauphin at Loches, but not being of the King's Privy Council, Joan's power there was but limited. Dunois tells how one day, when he and the king and Christopher Harcourt and one or two others were all in council, "the Maid knocked at the door, entered, knelt, and, in the old Greek fashion of suppliants, embraced the knees of the Dauphin. She used the same mode of approach to her saints. 'Noble Dauphin,' she said, 'hold not such long and wordy councils, but come at once to Reims and be worthily crowned.' "

She was asked whether this march on Reims was of the instructions of her unseen advisers, and she replied, "Yes, they chiefly insist on it." Then she was questioned as to what she meant by this "*conseil*" so often quoted.

"When," she said, "I am somewhat hurt because I am not readily believed in the things which I speak from God, I am wont to go apart and to pray God, complaining that they are hard of belief; and after that

prayer I hear a Voice saying to me, ‘Fille Dé, va, va, va ; je serai à ton aide ; va !’ When I hear that Voice I am very glad, and desire always to be in that state.”

Her best and most precise historian was devoted to the House of Alençon, and tells of Joan’s visit to the Duke of Alençon’s young wife, a daughter of the Duke of Orleans, at the Abbey of S. Florent. “God knows,” he says, “what joy they made for her.”

It was with the Duke of Alençon in command that the Loire towns were to be cleared of the English, leaving the way to Reims less difficult ; and it was at this time that Joan was joined by Guy de Laval, of whose letter to his mother about her mention has already been made. Joan, who knew his mother’s loyalty, sent her a ring of gold.

It was at Selles in Berry that Guy was welcomed by the Maid. She was about to depart with men-at-arms and archers for Romorantin.

“I saw her mount,” he says, “all in white armour but unhelmeted, a small steel sperth (a little battle-axe) in her hand. She had a

great black horse, which plunged at the door of her house, and would not permit her to mount. ‘Lead him to the Cross,’ she cried. It stands in the road, in front of the church. There he stood as fast as if he were bound with cords, and she mounted, and turning towards the church gate, she said in a sweet, womanly voice, ‘Ye priests and churchmen, go in processions and pray to God.’ Then ‘Forward, forward !’ she cried, a gracious page bearing her standard displayed, and she with the little sperth in her hand.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT this time the King wanted to keep Guy de Laval with him till the Maid had prepared his way in the towns on the Loire, so that he might afterwards ride with him to Reims.

But Guy was eager to go to the front. "God forbid," he said, "that I should so tarry and not ride! He is a lost man who waits."

D'Alençon, Dunois, and De Gaucourt were all with the Maid; and men flocked to her army, knowing that she sought to serve her God and her country. Many a long year afterwards, when her comrades in arms, now lads of twenty to twenty-five, were men nearer fifty, soldiers of proved experience, they told on solemn oath how good and brave she was, showing, they said, "valour and conduct which no man could excel in

war. All the captains were amazed by her courage and energy, and her endurance. . . . In leading and arraying, and in encouraging men, she bore herself like the most skilled captain in the world, who all his life had been trained to war."

"All marvelled how cautiously and with what foresight she went to work, as if she had been a captain with twenty or thirty years of experience."

"She displayed marvellous energy, doing more work than two or three of the most famous and practised men of the sword could have done."

Now that D'Alençon—one of the three whose words we have just quoted—was in command of the king's army, Joan became, in a certain sense, chief officer of artillery ; and Jargeau was fixed upon as the next point of attack, since it was from Jargeau that Suffolk and his brothers, the De la Poles, had been annoying the people of Orleans.

The day that Fastolf, one of the English leaders, left Paris, Joan set out for this place. Others disputed whether it was possible to

storm it. But the Maid answered, “Success is certain. If I were not assured of this from God, I would rather herd sheep than put myself in so great jeopardy.”

So the army rode on, and after a skirmish with the English, succeeded in occupying the suburbs.

Next day the artillery began to play, and a great gun from Orleans, called the Shepherdess, made a hole in the walls. Then Suffolk offered to surrender if he was not relieved within fifteen days; but the French, who knew that Fastolf was on his way from Paris to help him with an army, told Suffolk that he and his must either depart instantly—they and their horses—or suffer the continued assault. This Suffolk refused, and the French heralds therefore cried for an immediate onset. Joan urged D’Alençon to the assault; but he doubted whether the attack could succeed.

“Doubt not!” she cried. “The hour is come when God pleases! God helps them who help themselves. Ah, *gentil duc*, are you afraid? Do you not know that I prom-

ised your wife to bring you home safe and sound ? ”

So the assault began, and as the skirmishers advanced, Joan said to the duke, pointing to a cannon on the wall, “ Change your position. That gun will kill you ! ”

She was just in time, for a while later it did kill a gentleman who was standing just where D’Alençon had stood at that moment.

The scaling-ladders were raised, the French assailants climbed over, Joan and D’Alençon rushed into the breach.

Suffolk cried out then for a parley, but it was too late.

As the Maid was climbing a scaling-ladder, with her standard in her hand, a stone crashed through the light helmet that she wore, and she was struck to the ground.

Up she sprang again, crying, “ *Amis, amis, sus, sus!* On, friends, on ! The Lord has judged the English. Have good heart ! Within an hour we take them ! ”

“ In an instant the town was taken ; the English fled to the bridges ; over a thousand

men were slain in the pursuit," says D'Alençon.

Suffolk himself was captured.

Then Joan and her *beau duc* rode back to Orleans. But not to rest from their labours; for two days later, on June 14, the Maid said to D'Alençon, "To-morrow, after dinner, I wish to pay a visit to the English at Meun. Give orders to the company to march at that hour."

Now Meun was the nearest fortified town down the river held by the English; and a little farther down lay Beaugency, also held by the enemy.

Joan fulfilled her intention. The next day, the 15th, the fortifications of Meun were taken, and a French garrison placed in the bridge-towers.

The next advance was on Beaugency, whence the English had withdrawn into the castle, leaving ambushed men, hiding in houses and sheds, who tried to surprise the French, but, after losses on both sides, finally had to take cover.

Meanwhile the famous Constable de Riche-

mont, who was at war with the King's favourite, La Trémoïlle, had somewhat embarrassed Joan and D'Alençon by joining them in the siege of Beaugency, although Charles was always against their accepting help from the enemy of his dear La Trémoïlle. When, however, they suddenly heard that Talbot was bringing a thousand men-at-arms, in addition to Fastolf's five thousand, and knew that many of their people were afraid to meet this great English force, they felt justified in accepting the Constable's aid.

If we piece together two stories, we read that when the Maid and her comrades rode forth to meet him, the Constable growled out, "Jeanne, they tell me that you want to fight me. I know not if you come from God—or elsewhere. If from God, I do not fear you, for He knows my good will ; if from the devil, I fear you still less." And when the need came later, Joan said to him, "Ah, *beau connestable*, you have not come for my sake ; but since you are come, you are welcome."

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE, how was it that Talbot and Fastolf thus suddenly were announced with so considerable an army at their backs? Talbot's share in it, of which such exaggerated news had arrived, was in reality not very great—about forty lances and two hundred archers. It was Fastolf with his five thousand who was the more timorous of the two, and declared that the English were, as you might say, “all to pieces,” while the French were full of confidence. He actually advised leaving the Loire towns to their fate, and waiting for reinforcements promised by the Duke of Bedford.

As for Talbot, he vowed, with his little company and any who chose to join him, he would, “so help him God and S. George,” attack the enemy.

His advice prevailed, but not without a

slight delay which proved fatal to their success.

They had been lunching together—a breakfast they called it—and we read that “like Grouchy on the morning of Waterloo, they dallied over their strawberries; they did not march towards the thunder of the guns.” They would march against Beaugency next morning, June 27.

But in the meantime the town had surrendered, and Joan and the Constable having, as we know, heard an exaggerated account of their approach, advised that the whole French army should advance to meet them.

The French now occupied a very good position—what their historian calls “a little mountainette,” using the double diminutive to describe what in the South African campaign we ourselves learned to call a *kopje*, a little jutting hill rising out of the meadowy plains.

The English tried to tempt them into the open, sending two heralds to say “there were three knights who would fight them if they would descend into the plain.”

The people with the Maid replied, "Go to your rest to-day, for it is late enough. To-morrow, if it please God and Our Lady, we shall see you at closer quarters."

The English then spent the night battering the bridge-head towers of Meun, thinking to take the place next day, cross the river, and rescue Beaugency by the southern bank of the Loire.

Early next morning, while they were busy collecting huge shields and doors to shelter them in the storming of the bridge-fort of Meun, they received news that Beaugency had fallen, and the French were advancing upon them.

They then left Meun, and began to march across the great wooded plain of the Beauce towards Paris.

The French knew of their retreat, and wished to follow up their advantage. But how were they to find them in that great sea of woodland? They knew not which way they had taken.

"Some of them asked the Maid where they were to be found.

“‘Ride boldly on,’ she said, ‘you will have good guidance.’

“They had a strange guide enough, as it proved.

“Dunois states that D’Alençon asked Jeanne what they were to do.

“‘Have good spurs.’

“‘What! are we to turn our backs?’ said those who heard her.

“‘No; but the English will not defend themselves, and you will need good spurs to follow them.’”

She said the Dauphin would have the greatest victory he had won for many a day.

Some eighty riders, “mounted on the flower of chargers,” galloped in advance as scouts, and Joan, says her page, Louis de Coutes, then a boy of fourteen, was very angry at not being allowed to lead the advance —probably her friends were determined not to allow her this time to risk her life with the foremost riders.

After riding for a long time, the French scouts came in sight of the little town of Pathay. But the English were still not to

be seen, and the country was thickly wooded. They were not far away, but were completely hidden by the trees, Talbot's plan being to post the advanced guard, with the wagons and guns, along the tall hedges on either side of the road to Pathay, for he knew by this time that the French were advancing upon him, and he thought this narrow pass might be held by five hundred picked archers till the rearguard joined the main army.

La Hire, one of the French commanders, riding furiously through the beautiful wooded country, startled a stag which went rushing right into the very midst of the main body of the English, who, never dreaming that the French were already within earshot, raised a view-halloo which instantly betrayed them.

La Hire's scouts drew bridle, and quietly sent back to their comrades a brief but sufficient message—the one word “Found.”

“The French cavalry of La Hire formed in order of battle, set spurs to their horses, and charged with such impetus through the pass, which Talbot was lining with his

picked archers, that they cut them up before they could fix their pikes or loose their shafts."

To complete the disaster for the English, Fastolf, who was spurring on "for all he was worth" to reach their advanced guard, was actually mistaken by them for one of the leaders of the pursuing army.

The white standard-bearer who was thus deceived set off at a gallop for the Paris road in a wild panic, and Fastolf, seeing La Hire and his comrades cutting up Talbot's archers, accounted the day as lost. Talbot was made prisoner, and was led before D'Alençon, Joan, and the Constable.

D'Alençon remembered his own captivity.
" You did not expect this this morning," he said.

" Fortune of war," answered the brave Talbot.

Many other leaders were taken, and the slaughter was very great, at which, De Coutes tells us, Joan was very full of pity. He adds that "a Frenchman was leading some English prisoners. He struck one of them

on the head ; the man fell senseless. Jeanne sprang from her saddle and held the Englishman's head in her lap, comforting him ; and he was shriven."

Alas ! she knew that only by war could her country at that moment be redeemed ; but the sight of suffering was hateful to her, and she was always the soul of chivalry.

She slept that night at Lignerolles, whose church tower had been sighted to the right, as she and the French first rode into view of Pathay, lying to their left.

After Pathay, Joan rode into Orleans and received a triumphant welcome. But her heart's desire was to hurry on to Reims ; and when the Dauphin, in the midst of praising her, actually proposed that she should take a holiday, she wept at the thought of how the short time given to her was slipping away. She begged him to end his doubts that he might gain his kingdom and be crowned ; begged him also to forgive the Constable, and accept the help he offered.

But her pleading was in vain.

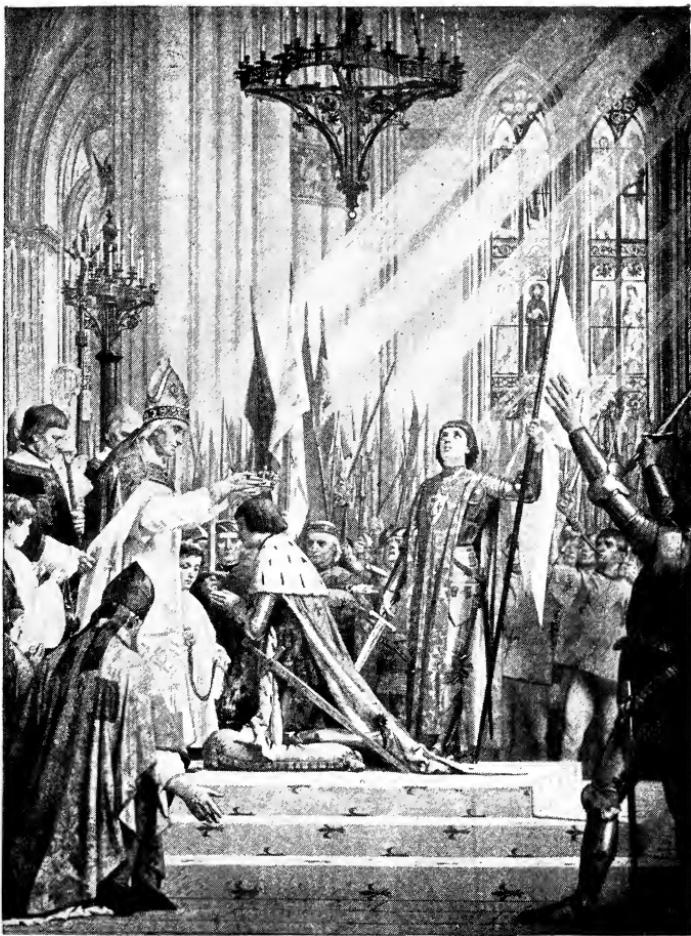
CHAPTER XX.

WHEN the citizens of Paris heard of Joan's victory at Pathay, they began to fortify the city, probably expecting an immediate attack. But the Maid never flinched from her purpose of getting the Dauphin crowned at Reims.

The dawdling Charles lost her a precious fortnight before she could get him there ; and meanwhile the Dukes of Burgundy and Bedford were reconciled, new English troops were engaged to serve against her, and a new English army of 3,350 men was thrown into Paris.

The chief obstacle now on the way to Reims was the opposition Joan's army met with at Troyes.

A wild, strange preacher called Brother Richard had told the people of Troyes that some mysterious person was coming, and they must sow plenty of beans ; so, when the



THE CORONATION OF
CHARLES VII. AT RHEIMS.

After Lenepveu.

French army arrived and encamped round about the city, they found whole fields of food where the delicious smell of bean-flowers had lately scented the air, and the beans took the place of the bread they could not get.

Auxerres had held out, and Troyes had quite a swaggering tone of resistance; so that but for Joan, we read, “the Dauphin would have sneaked back to Gien,” and the scores of cities and castles which he successfully took under Joan’s guidance would have remained, it may be, in the hands of the enemy. But, happily, just when every one seemed in favour of turning back, one of the most experienced of the king’s counsellors advised that Joan should be consulted. So the Archbishop addressed her, pointing out the many difficulties, and the necessity for retreat.

“Do you believe all this, gentle Dauphin?” she said, turning to Charles.

“If you have anything profitable and reasonable to say, you will be trusted.”

“Gentle King of France, if you are ready to wait beside your town of Troyes, in two days it will be brought to your allegiance.”

"Jeanne," said the Archbishop, "we could wait for six days, if we were certain to have the town ; but is it certain ?"

"Doubt it not !" said the Maid.

"She mounted ; she rode through the host ; she organized supplies of fagots, doors, tables, and so forth, as the English had done at Meun, to serve as shelters in the attack, and to screen such guns as they had : heavy guns of position they must have lacked."

"Dunois, who was present, says : 'She showed wonderful energy, doing more than two or three of the most practised and famous captains could have done ; and she so worked all night, that next day the bishop and towns-folk, in fear and trembling, made their submission.'

"The citizens had lost hope ; they sought refuge, and fled into the churches. What could the burgesses do ?"

"In the early morning they saw the preparations for storming. They saw a slim figure in white armour with a patch upon the shoulder-plate, where the arrow had found its way at Orleans."

“‘*À l'assault!*’ cried the girl’s voice, and she made the sign of throwing fagots into the fosse.

“It was enough. The citizens sent the bishop to profess their obedience, and make the best terms possible. The bishop was on the side of the loyalists, and had a good deal of influence.”

After the king had entered the town with great array, Joan stood godmother to one of the children, as she was so often asked to do. It was her practice to name the boys after the King and the girls after herself.

Châlons now gave itself up to her, and the people of that place wrote to their friends at Reims, saying that “they had given up the keys of their town, and that the King was gentle, compassionate, and handsome.” The Archbishop had also written to Reims from Troyes, bidding his town open its gates to the King.

At last, *at last*, the advance on Reims was really made, and on July 17 the King’s coronation actually took place.

The Archbishop himself anointed the King.

This was the Archbishop of whom it has already been mentioned that he was not true to Joan. At least one historian has a suspicion that he had secretly taken possession of a rich and beautiful crown which Joan demanded for the coronation. He thinks that possibly Joan's knowledge of this gave the Archbishop evil feelings towards her, which made him her enemy rather than her friend when, at a later time, his influence might have saved her life; and the said historian laughingly names him the Jackdaw of Reims.

He must not be confused with the Archbishop of Embrun, who had once spoken of Joan as an angel of the Lord, so that when, at the time of her trial, she wanted to keep the King's secret, this led to her telling her accusers a kind of parable about an angel who was to bring the King a crown. She had in mind probably not only the crown of gold which could be touched and handled, but that power over his kingdom which is often spoken of as "the Crown of France."

"The ceremony of the coronation began

at nine o'clock on the morning of July 17. It is described in a letter of that day, sent by Pierre de Beauvais and two other gentlemen to the Queen and the Queen of Sicily. 'A right fair thing it was to see that fair mystery, for it was as solemn and as well adorned with all things thereto pertaining, as if it had been ordered a year before.' First, all in armour, and with banners displayed, the Maréchal de Boussac, with De Rais, Gravile, and the Admiral, and a great company, rode to meet the Abbot, who brought the *sainte ampoule*. They rode into the minster and alighted at the entrance to the choir. The Archbishop of Reims administered the coronation oath, he crowned and anointed the King, while all the people cried *Noël!* 'and the trumpets sounded so that you might think the roofs would be rent. And always during that mystery the Maid stood next the King, her standard in her hand. A right fair thing it was to see the goodly manners of the King and the Maid.' D'Albret held the sword of state; D'Alençon dubbed the King a Knight; Guy

de Laval was created a Count. When the Dauphin had been crowned and consecrated, the Maid, kneeling, embraced his knees, weeping for joy, and saying these words, ‘Gentle King, now is accomplished the Will of God, who decreed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and bring you to this city of Reims to receive your solemn sacring, thereby showing that you are the true King, and that France should be yours.’

“And right great pity came upon all those who saw her, and many wept.”

The Maid had saved her country and her King; but for herself remained a hard and thorny path, until, through the fiery furnace at the last, she stepped homeward to the heart of God.

It was in September, after months of skirmishing, in which Joan’s power had more or less passed into the hands of political leaders, that, Senlis and Beauvais having been taken, an attack was made on Paris, in which Joan was wounded. Alas! the attack failed; and while Joan, despite her wound in the leg, was for persistently renewing it,

there came a message from the King ordering retreat—a command which had to be reluctantly obeyed.

The months that followed were full of sorrow and disappointment. The guidance of the fighting power of France had passed out of Joan's hands.

She had done the work for which she herself had said that she was born. She had given to the King the messages entrusted to her, and the signs whereby God set seal to them.

But the King had proved unworthy. And now her own soul was to be perfected by suffering, her own truth and faith to be tried, so as by fire, that the faith of after-times might be strengthened by her tragic and glorious story.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE tide had turned, but things did not change all at once.

There was one brilliant success, even after Charles had dispersed an army that he could no longer pay. By her courage and determination Joan had taken S. Pierre le Moustier, after all the storming parties had been repelled. She had only four or five men with her, and her faithful D'Aulon was wounded and crippled. But she remained beneath the walls, giving loud orders for the bridging of the moat.

“D'Aulon, who had been wounded, and could walk only with crutches, was a spectator. He saw the Maid left alone beneath the wall, accompanied merely by her own people, her two or three lances, probably her brothers, who never deserted her, and their men. D'Aulon managed to get into the



JOAN TAKEN PRISONER
AT COMPIEGNE. *After Lenepveu.*

saddle, rode to her, and asked her why she did not retreat but remained alone. She raised the *salade* of her helmet and said, ‘I am not alone; with me are 50,000 of my own, and retreat I will not till I have taken this town.’

“‘Whatever she might say, she had only four or five men with her,’ remarks the literal D’Aulon, ‘as I know for certain, and so do several others who were looking on; so I urged her to retire like the rest. Then she bade me tell the men to bring fagots and fascines to bridge the moat; and she herself gave the same order in a loud voice.’”

In a moment the thing was done, whereat D’Aulon was all amazed, and the town was stormed, with no great resistance. She may have seen 50,000 of the heavenly hosts round about her, but she knew that it was *her* duty, not theirs, to summon the sappers and miners to bridge the moat.

Be that as it may, to our human eyes it seems clear that her resolute bearing won the day.

On the very day of the King’s coronation
(1,482)

an embassy from the Duke of Burgundy had arranged a false peace, a dangerous truce that lasted till Easter, and nought that Joan said could avail against it.

In the early months of 1430 she visited the towns she had freed, and at Eastertide her unseen counsellors warned her that she would be taken prisoner.

Capture to her proud spirit would be a million times worse than death, and over and over again had the enemy told her that it would be followed by burning.

But "she was the bravest of the brave," and not by a hair's-breadth did she swerve from her tasks, now that she knew with certainty from the heavenly Voices that they led to prison, though to her in whom the love of liberty was so deep—her, whose proud spirit was as yet unbroken—imprisonment was especially terrible. What her Master bade her do she would do, though death itself stood in the way. Only she no longer carried her beloved sword of Fierbois into battle—she did not choose that that should be taken by the enemy.

It was in a sudden sally from Compiègne that she was surprised and taken.

She had desired to clear the small outpost held by Baudot. She seemed to have been successful, and was returning gaily to a well-protected entrance of the town.

Her gray horse with her scarlet gold-embroidered cloak made her easily recognized, and Jean de Luxembourg, who happened to be riding from Clairoix to visit Baudot, noticed the attack by which she had scattered the troops in the outpost through the village.

Sending back to Clairoix for reinforcements, he bore down upon her ; and three times she splendidly repulsed him, charging him and forcing him back, “doing deeds beyond the nature of woman.”

“There, as fortune granted it, for the end of her glory, and for that her last day under arms, ‘she drove the enemy back by half the length of the causeway.’ ”

She fought for the safety of her men and took no care for her own life—no, not though she knew what was to come. More

and more Burgundians surrounded her until all her men had fled, except the faithful D'Aulon and one or two others. She was by this time close on Compiègne, and her friends within the town raised the drawbridge lest those who pursued should follow into the town with her.

But she never reached the drawbridge. Forced into the meadows and dragged from her horse when asked to surrender, she refused to promise not to escape. She was too great a prize to be killed out of hand as she would have wished, and she was carried with shouts of joy to the soldiers' quarters.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEAR children, I will not harry you with the long, sad story of Joan's imprisonment and the brutality to which she was exposed. For indeed it might give you bad dreams. She suffered—suffered bravely and patiently—that is enough.

She was sent to the Castle of Beaulieu, and then to Beaurevoir forty miles north of it.

The long siege of Compiègne and the sufferings of those within that town so dwelt upon her mind that when she heard it was threatened with the slaughter of all, even to the little children, if the storming should be successful, she tried to escape by leaping from the tower, which was about sixty feet high.

It was miraculous that she did not break any bones, but she was found insensible. It was the one occasion so far on which she had been disobedient to the heavenly Voices.

This was in October, and on the 25th of the same month Compiègne was relieved. Henry the Sixth of England, it should be said, had arrived at Rouen a month or two before, and in November Jean de Luxembourg *sold* Joan as a prisoner of war to the English, though he knew it was their intention to burn her.

She was taken to Rouen, and imprisoned in an ancient castle.

French and English were alike her destroyers.

She had no woman with her; she was “placed in a dark cell, fettered and in irons,” and guarded only by men, by day and by night.

From this place she was led forth daily to her trial—a trial in which her brave truth and loyalty shone forth through all her wise and simple words.

Her enemies tried to prove that she was a witch; but they could prove nothing except her entire faith in God, and her certainty of the help she had received from Him through her heavenly visitants.

We have the written words of many sworn witnesses* who knew her well, and told what a good, gentle, brave child she had been—even now she was very young, but little more than eighteen—and how every one loved her. But their witness came too late to prevent her martyrdom.

There was a moment when, ill and outworn, a paper was thrust upon her that she did not fully understand, and she made the mistake of signing it, believing she was submitting herself to the Church. But of that she afterwards repented, for the Voices that brought her messages from God had warned her against signing it.

The paper was afterwards changed, without her knowledge, for another and much longer document, in which she was represented as saying what she never, *never* said, for it would have been the giving up the faith of her whole life. This, however, was not at the trial: it was amid the tumult

* The depositions taken at Domremy, from those who knew her well in childhood, are almost as remarkable as the other depositions in the Rehabilitation, taken elsewhere from D'Alençon and the people who knew her later.

and throwing of stones in the market-place, after the trial was over, when, her strength ebbing in the exhaustion that followed illness in prison, she was all confused by the uproar and by the advice she had received from the clergy, who had told her she was dishonouring God by refusing her submission.

There was a great scaffolding round about the square, crowded with priests and nobles.

One of them denounced her King—her King who had deserted her, like the coward that he was.

She replied with beautiful and loving words in his praise, so noble she was in her loyalty to those she served. “As for my deeds,” she said, “I burden no man with them, neither my King nor any other. If any fault there be, it is my own, and no other’s.” She knew, and said quite plainly afterwards : “If I were to say that God did not send me, I should condemn myself, for true it is that God sent me. My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said I said in fear of fire.”



JOAN IN PRISON.
After the Picture by G. F. Joy.



In fact she grieved deeply that she had signed that paper which seemed to deny her faith in the heavenly Voices, as Peter had grieved when his Lord looked at him after his betrayal ; and she died rather than hold to it—died saying plainly that her message was a true one, despite her wavering in that terrible moment.

One has written of her : “ For that moment she was untrue to herself—she a lonely girl of nineteen, who through a year of imprisonment, and eight months of intolerable bondage, outrage, persecution, had never wavered.

* * * *

But she was very young, all uncomforted, without a friend, oppressed and broken and confused by threats and clamour and cajolements.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER signing the paper, Joan had been taken back to prison ; but when she had revoked and made confession on her last morning there, she was allowed to receive the sacrament.

When Maurice came in to see her, she said, “ Master Pierre, where shall I be this evening ? ”

He answered, “ Have you not good faith in the Lord ? ”

“ I have, and by God’s grace I shall be in Paradise. ”

“ Even so the Voices had told her that it was to be : she was to come straight from earth to the place of blessed souls.”

“ As she was being taken to the burning she made such pious lament that her two companions could not forbear, but wept ; and all who heard her shed tears. ”

She was led to the Old Market beside the

Church of S. Saviour ; and it is said that while she was being taken there, Loiselleur, the prison-spy, who had once advised that she should be tortured, climbed into the cart where she was and begged her forgiveness.

There were three scaffolds, and she was taken to the one in the middle.

“ She climbed it as bravely as she had climbed the scaling-ladders at Orleans and Jargeau. She asked for a cross to gaze upon in her agonies. An Englishman made a little cross of two pieces of a staff and gave it to her. Devoutly she received it and kissed it, crying aloud on the Crucified ; then she placed it in her bosom. She next prayed Massieu to bring the cross from the church, that she might look on it through the smoke. She long embraced it, and held it while she was being chained to the stake. She was heard saying, ‘ Ah, Rouen, I fear greatly that thou mayst have to suffer for my death ! ’

“ To the end she maintained that her Voices were from God, and all that she had

done was by God's command ; nor did she believe that her Voices had deceived her." She invoked S. Catherine ; while being bound to the stake she had especially invoked S. Catherine and S. Michael, the first of the Holy Ones who came to her in her father's garden.

" Last, with a great voice she called 'JESUS !' Her head drooped, and the daughter of God went home to her Father's house."

It is true that this beautiful earth is one of His many mansions, but now she had been summoned to one that is more beautiful still, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary at last find rest—

Such rest as yonder soaring bird,
In ecstasy of ardent flight
And joy beyond all mortal word,
May sing of, in the heart of light ;
Such rest as lovers know at last
In blissful meeting, long denied—
The peace that perfects all the past,
Immortal longing satisfied.

THE END.

Books for the Young.

**NELSON'S
“ROYAL”
LIBRARIES**

THE finest and most attractive series of Gift and Reward Books in the market at so moderate a price. They are mainly COPYRIGHT works, carefully selected from the most popular and successful of the many books for the young issued by Messrs. Nelson in recent years, and are most attractively illustrated and tastefully bound. Each volume has eight coloured plates, with the exception of a few, which have eight monochrome illustrations. The books are issued in three series at 2/-, 1/6, and 1/. For lists see following pages.

**THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,
*London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.***

NELSON'S "ROYAL" LIBRARIES.

THE TWO SHILLING SERIES.

IN TAUNTON TOWN.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
IN THE LAND OF THE MOOSE.	<i>Achilles Daunt.</i>
TREFOIL.	<i>Margaret P. Macdonald.</i>
WENZEL'S INHERITANCE.	<i>Annie Lucas.</i>
VERA'S TRUST.	<i>Evelyn Everett-Green.</i>
FOR THE FAITH.	<i>Evelyn Everett-Green.</i>
ALISON WALSH.	<i>Constance Evelyn.</i>
BLIND LOYALTY.	<i>E. L. Haverfield.</i>
DOROTHY ARDEN.	<i>J. M. Callwell.</i>
FALLEN FORTUNES.	<i>Evelyn Everett-Green.</i>
FOR HER SAKE.	<i>Gordon Roy.</i>
JACK MACKENZIE.	<i>Gordon Stables, M.D.</i>
IN PALACE AND FAUBOURG.	<i>C. J. G.</i>
ISABEL'S SECRET; or, A Sister's Love.	
IVANHOE.	<i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>
KENILWORTH.	<i>Sir Walter Scott.</i>
LÉONIE.	<i>Annie Lucas.</i>
MAUD MELVILLE'S MARRIAGE.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
OLIVE ROSCOE.	<i>Evelyn Everett-Green.</i>
QUEECHY.	<i>Miss Wetherell.</i>
SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.	<i>Mrs. Charles.</i>
"SISTER."	<i>Evelyn Everett-Green.</i>
THE CITY AND THE CASTLE.	<i>Annie Lucas.</i>
THE CZAR.	<i>Deborah Alcock.</i>
THE HEIRESS OF WYLMINGTON.	<i>Everett-Green.</i>
THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS.	<i>Everett-Green.</i>
THE SPANISH BROTHERS.	<i>Deborah Alcock.</i>
THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.	<i>Harold Avery.</i>
THE UNCHARTED ISLAND.	<i>Skelton Kuppend.</i>
THE WIDE WIDE WORLD.	<i>Miss Wetherell.</i>

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.

NELSON'S "ROYAL" LIBRARIES.

THE EIGHTEENPENCE SERIES.

SECRET CHAMBER AT CHAD.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
SONS OF FREEDOM.	<i>Fred Whishaw.</i>
SONS OF THE VIKINGS.	<i>John Gunn.</i>
STORY OF MADGE HILTON.	<i>Agnes C. Maitland.</i>
IN LIONLAND.	<i>M. Douglas.</i>
MARGIE AT THE HARBOUR LIGHT.	<i>E. A. Rand.</i>
ADA AND GERTY.	<i>Louisa M. Gray.</i>
AFAR IN THE FOREST.	<i>W. H. G. Kingston.</i>
A GOODLY HERITAGE.	<i>K. M. Eady.</i>
BORIS THE BEAR HUNTER.	<i>Fred Whishaw.</i>
"DARLING."	<i>M. H. Cornwall Legh.</i>
DULCIE'S LITTLE BROTHER.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
ESTHER'S CHARGE.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
EVER HEAVENWARD.	<i>Mrs. Prentiss.</i>
FOR THE QUEEN'S SAKE.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
GUY POWERS' WATCHWORD.	<i>J. T. Hopkins.</i>
IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.	<i>W. H. G. Kingston.</i>
IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
LIONEL HAROURT, THE ETONIAN.	<i>G. E. Wyatt.</i>
MOLLY'S HEROINE.	<i>"Fleur de Lys."</i>
NORSELAND TALES.	<i>H. H. Boyesen.</i>
ON ANGELS' WINGS.	<i>Hon. Mrs. Greene.</i>
ONE SUMMER BY THE SEA.	<i>J. M. Callwell.</i>
PARTNERS.	<i>H. F. Gethen.</i>
ROBINETTA.	<i>L. E. Tiddeman.</i>
SALOME.	<i>Mrs. Marshall.</i>
THE LORD OF DYNEVOR.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>
THE YOUNG HUGUENOTS.	<i>"Fleur de Lys."</i>
THE YOUNG RAJAH.	<i>W. H. G. Kingston.</i>
WINNING THE VICTORY.	<i>E. Everett-Green.</i>

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.

NELSON'S "ROYAL" LIBRARIES.

THE SHILLING SERIES.

ACADEMY BOYS IN CAMP.	S. F. Spear.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.	Miss Gaye.
ESTHER REID.	Pansy.
TIMOTHY TATTERS.	J. M. Callwell.
AMPHTHILL TOWERS.	A. J. Foster.
IVY AND OAK.	
ARCHIE DIGBY.	G. E. Wyatt.
AS WE SWEEP THROUGH THE DEEP.	
AT THE BLACK ROCKS.	Gordon Stables, M.D.
AUNT SALLY.	Edward Rand.
CYRIL'S PROMISE. A Temperance Tale.	Constance Milman.
GEORGIE MERTON.	Florence Harrington.
GREY HOUSE ON THE HILL.	Hon. Mrs. Greene.
HUDSON BAY.	R. M. Ballantyne.
JUBILEE HALL.	Hon. Mrs. Greene.
LOST SQUIRE OF INGLEWOOD.	Dr. Jackson.
MARK MARKSEN'S SECRET.	Jessie Armstrong.
MARTIN RATTLER.	R. M. Ballantyne.
RHODA'S REFORM.	M. A. Paull.
SHENAC. The Story of a Highland Family in Canada.	
SIR AYLMER'S HEIR.	E. Everett-Green.
SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.	Harold Avery.
THE CORAL ISLAND.	R. M. Ballantyne.
THE DOG CRUSOE.	R. M. Ballantyne.
THE GOLDEN HOUSE.	Mrs. Woods Baker.
THE GORILLA HUNTERS.	R. M. Ballantyne.
THE ROBBER BARON.	A. J. Foster.
THE WILLOUGHBY BOYS.	Emily C. Hartley.
UNGAVA.	R. M. Ballantyne.
WORLD OF ICE.	R. M. Ballantyne.
YOUNG FUR TRADERS.	R. M. Ballantyne.

T. NELSON AND SONS, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.

DATE DUE

MAY 21 1997	
MAY 13 1997	
DEC 05 1997	
JAN 06 1998	
APR 21 1999	
AUG 02 2000	
AUG 27 2000	
M SEP 23 2000	
S SEP 19 2000	
DEC 01 2004	
N NOV 24 2004	
DEN	
DEMCO, INC. 38-2971	



3 1197 00021 2313

